TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

In Ontario we live at peace with our Catholic neighbors, and have accorded them privileges which the laity of the church have shown no disposition to abuse, but when such a shameful seizure of public money, as in the case of the Jesuit Estate Bill, is made on behalf of a Catholic society, suspicions are aroused against our neighbors, old prejudices revived and passions excited, which are apt to find unreasoning vent upon the nearest adherent to the Church which is suspected of being willing to sacrifice not only the welfare of the state, but the progress, intelligence and prosperity of its own members for the aggrandisement of itself.

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Against the Roman Catholic Church I have no prejudice. From my childhood up I have its priests to thank for many kindnesses. Within the Church are many of my warmest friends, and I have not hesitated to defend Catholicism as exemplified in Ontario (where I know it best) from many of the fanatical charges and unchristian insinuations made by the occupants of pulpits who, as compared with myself, have absolutely no knowledge of the workings of its institutions. In some instances I have dared to affirm that portions of Roman Catholic theology are sounder than the corresponding tenets of certain Protestant churches, and I am certain that in all the years of my newspaper work I have never intentionally said a word in disparagement of any man's creed; his faith is something between him and his God. I have endeavored sometimes to point out fallacies and to indicate truth, but have restrained even the natural impulse to laugh at palpable errors. Notwithstanding all this, I conceive it to be within the broadest liberality, in harmony with good morals and not inconsistent with a kindness that amounts almost to affection for the Church, to assert that in Canada the efforts of a certain section of the hierarchy to control politicians and to usurp functions of our government must be put down, no matter what it costs.

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It will cost much and the longer it is deferred the greater will be the trial. In our government Expediency has held the reins and Right has been the panting and dust-choked puppy behind the wheels. The first great mistake was in granting un-British privileges to the province of Quebec. As a Crown colony it had but few interests, was without ambition except that which was directed by its religious teachers, its people had no love for English authority and turned with affection to the priests who spoke to them in their own tongue and counselled them to keep their hearts true to France and the Pope, and the result is evil without example in the history of the civilized world. Quebec is now more French than France, more popish than Rome itself. The priests control everything; they supervise the families, direct education, superintend municipal elections, collect tithes of all the products, control the members of Parliament and bulldoze the Government. Their Cardinal insists on a throne when he visits the Legislature; the priests have charge of the treasury box. No corporation is so wealthy as their societies; no one pays so little taxes and no one demands so many subsidies, so much deference. There is an old saying down there that the *habitant* goes to market through mud up to his horse's belly, and to heaven through a church that could pave every road in the province.

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The power of the Church in Quebec has been an evil example to the hierarchy of Ontario. The late lamented archbishop was not slow to appreciate the benefits which would accrue to his sacred mistress by holding his church together as a political factor. The success with which education has been controlled by the priesthood in Quebec, made him boldly persist in clerical interference with the school system of this province, which has been most unwholesome for Catholic and Protestant alike. When Protestantism had not ceased to be a power in this province, laws were put upon our statute books which made it impossible to grant public money to schools where there was no public supervision; but that frightful mistake, the Separate School Bill, has gone on increasing in its malign effects, and has been the highroad along which the Church has been steadily marching to the overthrow of purely secular education. Notwithstanding that the advances of the Church in this direction have been slow and each movement almost imperceptible, yet to any careful observer they have been great and significant. More than this, the hierarchy of Ontario has been the means of so controlling the administration of educational affairs that twenty-seven schools in the counties bordering on Quebec are as thoroughly French as if they were across the Ottawa river; no English is spoken in them, and we have reason to presume that but little else than the catechism is taught. This is alarming. Men are careless about religion; our preachers tell us that while in the struggle for wealth, in national sentimentality, in our attachments to secular things we can be easily moved, peril to our soul fails to excite more than a passing tremor. If it be unfortunately true that Protestantism has ceased to be a motive sufficiently strong to make us resist these aggressions, our national spirit should rise in rebellion at the prospect of Ontario being Frenchified. Within the last few years French has been heard in our Legislature for the first time. The French population is now sufficiently numerous to control the election of representatives in several counties, and an alliance of the racial and Catholic instincts having been effected it becomes absolutely necessary that our pride of race and our Protestant preference should be organized to meet the attack.

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This is looking at it from a perhaps narrow and provincial point of view. In Dominion affairs we are confronted by the fact that the French Canadian race and the French-Canadian papacy are relatively as powerful at Ottawa as they are in Quebec. Though in the presence of and suffering from the lamentable consequences of the French-Canadian rebellion in the North-West, the Dominion Government revolted against French-Canadian domination, yet, under ordinary circumstances, and thoroughly understanding that subserviency to the race and church of Quebec is the price of power, they yield almost without an apology. Nothing of recent years has given such an impetus to this truckling to the race and religious prejudices of Quebec as the unhappy and unholy alliance made between the Liberals and the Ultramontanes. All the phalanxes which once resisted French-Canadian and Roman Catholic aggression have struck their colors and are now fighting for political power instead of political liberty. The Liberals of Quebec are in close and profitable partnership with the Jesuits; the Liberals of Ontario are maintained in power by an alliance with the Church, and are alike as willing, circumstances being considered, to perpetuate themselves in power by as indecent means as Mercier himself. The Conservative party now stands gazing at the situation fearfully calculating the chances and has not yet shown any strong impulse toward championing the right and rebelling against Franco-Romanism. The spectacle of both our political parties prostrate at the feet of the Catholic bishops is humiliating to Protestants, and can afford no gratification to public-spirited Catholics. I very much doubt if a secret ballot were taken to-day amongst the Catholics of Ontario, if a repeal of the Separate School laws would not be carried by a two-thirds majority. They are exactly like Protestants in their impulses; they are anxious that their children should be well educated; they are sorry to see their offspring separated from the rest of the community by a religious line. The priests themselves are frequently liberal-minded men, and I do not believe that they would regret, as a rule, to be relieved from the continual troubles entailed by the Separate School system. If this be true, can we imagine that the Catholics of Ontario would view with pleasure the Frenchifying of Ontario and the elevation of the priesthood to the power of controlling public affairs? The powerful articles of the *Mail* have awakened the community, and even the *Globe* is forced to admit that for Canada's sake the Jesuits' Estates Bill should be vetoed, though it excuses its friends and crawls under the barn by expressing the belief that if the Dominion Government interferes with the religion of Quebec a civil war will ensue. Then let it ensue; we must have a settlement of this question. If we have no constitution which will prevent the voting of money to a treasonable society, outlawed in the most Catholic nations of Europe, let us have a revision of the constitution: certainly in many other respects it needs revision badly enough. If French Canada refuses to consent to such a revision, our first task will be to revise French Canada. Before our embarrassment so extends that religion instead of race is the watchword of those who oppose civil liberty let us make a grand effort to end the argument. I don't believe in threats of force, but I believe in force itself. If the Dominion government dared not disallow the Jesuit Plunder Act it is time for us to inquire why we should not disallow the Dominion government, and this would be done if Canada did not know that the king we have is better than the king we would get. The government's friends tell us that the Liberals are waiting for this anti-Jesuit agitation to lift them into power. If the Liberals obtain power by an alliance with the hierarchy of Quebec and a partnership with the Roman Catholics of the other provinces they would not last through the first week of a session, and would be forever discredited and disabled. But they cannot control sufficient numbers of the most week-kneed Protestants and most violent Grits to make up a majority, even if they obtain every Catholic vote in Canada. Moreover, the Catholics of this and the Maritime Provinces could not be forced into such a conspiracy. Let it be remembered that in France, Spain, Italy and Mexico, the population is almost entirely Roman Catholic and yet these countries have insisted on the separation of the church and state: these peoples have placed on record their unalterable detestation of ecclesiastical interference with secular affairs. The Protestants of Ontario need not act upon the presumption that every Catholic has confided his ballot to his spiritual confessor; it is very far from the truth, but even if it were the truth there would still be a majority of Protestants who are not party slaves, or office-seekers, who in the presence of a crisis would range themselves on the side of civil liberty as against ecclesiastical tyranny.

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It is an interesting spectacle to watch in the Dominion Parliament the leading men of the Liberal party doing battle on petty tariff points, criticising trifling expenditures, but everlastingly silent on the grand question of religious liberty, and the meaning of our constitution as regards the taxation of our people for sectarian purposes. Though in matters absolutely essential to the safety of our souls we may be apathetic, yet in this sentimentally religious question when our creed and our prejudices are offended, when the minority threaten to buckle their saddle on our back, it will not be difficult to excite an exceedingly violent movement, and if the issue ever reaches the point where the two factions try their strength the last vestige of church government will be swept away. If the task is undertaken it will be thoroughly accomplished and separate schools will be as much a thing of the past as subsidies for the Jesuits.

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But again I would warn those who discuss this question, those who write about it, not to identify the whole Catholic Church or the major portion of it with the Jesuits of Quebec; they are two dissimilar elements united only by a belief in the Church of Rome. When Catholic popes have condemned the Society of Jesus Protestants need not imagine that the laity of the Catholic Church will be afraid to do likewise.

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The contention that the allowance or disallowance by the Dominion Government of such Acts of the Quebec Legislature as the Jesuit Bill is of no importance to Ontario, is so short-sighted or insincere, that every thoughtful man can answer it for himself. If our constitution is worthless as a defence against legislative wrong-doing, and our central Government so powerless, what is to prevent still more indefensible acts? Wherein lies our safety from the growing ecclesiastical domination in this province? If a Liberal alliance with Romanism in Quebec means priest rule, what else does it mean here? If money grants are to be made to sectarian and treasonable societies in Quebec without fear of the interference of the Federal Government, why, in Ontario, where the same alliance exists, should not we fear that the same policy will be pursued? The answer is evident, and we may as well understand that our danger is imminent.

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Talking about schools, the report of the Minister of Education shows that in towns the average yearly salary paid to Public School teachers of the masculine persuasion is $425 and for females $292; while in country districts the men only average $398 and the women $271. In the province there are 5,549 schoolhouses, and all but forty-three were open during 1887. Of the total number, 591 are log buildings. In 1887 the total receipts, divided between legislative grants, municipal school grants, and clergy reserve funds were $4,331,357, an increase of nearly a million dollars in ten years. It costs in country schools $6 82 per pupil, in the cities $12, and towns $7.40 per pupil, the cost in ten years having increased about $1.25 apiece. There are in the province 229 Separate Schools with 491 teachers and 30,373 pupils—a small proportion compared with the relative number of Catholics and Protestants. Only fifty-four Separate Schools have been added in eleven years, while the teaching staff has been increased by 157 during the same period, indicating that such schools are largely confined to cities and towns. There are 112 high schools with 398 teachers and 17,459 pupils. In 1887 the school population was put down at 611,212, the number of boys being 259,083 and girls 234,129. In rural districts the average attendance is 46 per cent. of the registered attendance; in towns 60 per cent., and in cities 62 per cent., and the average of the province is 50 per cent. But when we remember that a great many of these attended for a brief period it reduces the amount considerably, nearly 50,000 of them being in school less than twenty days during the year. Ontario has certainly reason to be proud of her school system, and it is with a greater regret that we see the effect of separate schools and the pandering to the growing French-Canadian vote by permitting twenty-seven of these institutions, supported by public money, to be carried on entirely in French.

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One would hardly think in Ontario there would be nearly six hundred log schoolhouses remaining but many a genius has sprouted and been sprouted in these rural academies. The fact of so many of them remaining reminds us of the enormous extent of Ontario and that we have still plenty of back woods settlements where poverty is struggling to hew out a competence.

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A clergyman who had been called in to act as chaplain to the Ohio Legislature, in his prayer asked the Almighty to impress on the spirits of the Legislators that there are no free passes to heaven. The recent acceptance of such favors by members of the Ontario Legislature, suggests the necessity of some honest divine calling their attention to the fact that it is easier to get into the Legislature than it is into heaven. The work the members of this august body have accomplished so far has been unimportant, but the public accounts presented on Wednesday indicate that the revenue from all sources during the year was $3,587,421, a decrease of nearly $300,000 from the previous year. Of this sum our woods and forests yielded $1,516,139, which is considerable more than a third of the total amount. As the balance left over after paying the expenses of the year is only about $50,000, had we no woods and forests to sell there would be a deficit of over a million and a quarter dollars. It cannot therefore be many years before our forests will be depleted, and then what? Direct taxation and a considerable increase of annual burdens. If we live on our capital we must expect to grow poorer, and as the interest decreases very rapidly when the principal starts to go it won't take very long.

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I find I have again filled my page this week almost entirely with politics, and have to apologize to a lady correspondent who wrote me a few days ago asking me to please leave politics alone and write more of the "pretty things" about home life, etc. As a great deal of SATURDAY NIGHT is given up to the ladies, I think my fair friends might excuse me for sometimes indulging in politics—essentially a man's amusement. Just now when both parliaments are in session, and a number of public questions are before the people, I like to have my little say with the rest, and to tell the solemn truth, I have been too busy to see much that is going on. To write entertainingly of such things as seem to please my correspondent, one has to devote time to observation, otherwise there would be a painful monotony about it all. However, I will try to trespass less in the future, though I beg to remind her that even "pretty things" pall on the taste when there is no other course served between.

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The *Week*, which by the way has been very

"SHE STOOD TRANSFIXED WITH HORROR."

"The Day Will Come."

See page 4.

much enlarged and improved, had a poem by Mr. Charles Mair, author of Tecumseh, In Memory of Wm. A. Foster, which by request of his friends and the permission of the *Week*, I republish:

And he is gone, who led the few
Forest-ters of a nation fair;
That gentle spirit, strong and true,
As ever breathed Canadian air!

Forever fled! the kindly face,
The eager look, the lambent eye,
Still hunted by a boyish grace—
Can these for a record cease to fly?

The counsel sound, the judgment clear,
The mind thought brooding over all,
The ready smile, the ready tear—
Can these from recollection fall?

Ah! well do I remember still
The sultry day, whose sun had set;
The hostel near the tower-crowned hill,*
The parlor dim where first we met;

The flush of joy when o'er the wire,
On that pale eve of lofiest theme,
He put his friendly hand in mine,
And praised my poor Canadian rhymes;

And sung the old Canadian songs, †
And played the old Canadian airs,
Then turned his smile on fancied wrongs,
And laughed away a youth's despair;

And said: "Throw sickly thoughts aside—
Let's be but on native fields our fame;
Nor seek to bind our patriot pride
With alien greed, or alien shame!

"Nor trust the falterers who despond—
The doubting spirits which divine
No stable future save beyond
Their long, imaginary line!

"But mark, by fate's strong finger traced
Our country's rise: see time unfold,
In our own land, a nation based
On manly worth, not lust of gold.

"Its bourne, the home of generous life,
Of ample freedom, slowly won,
Of modest maid and faithful wife,
Of simple love twixt sire and son.

"Nor lessened would the duty be
To rally, then, around the throne;
A filial nation, strong and free—
Great Britain's child to manhood grown

"But lift the curtain which deceives,
The veil that interposes the sight,
The drapery dependence weaves
To screen us from the nobler light.

"First feel throughout the throbbing land
A nation's pulse, a nation's pride,
The independent life—then stand
Erect, unbound, at Britain's side!"

And many a year has fled, and now
The tongue which voiced the thought is stilled;
The veil yet hangs o'er many a brow,
The glorious dream is unfulfilled.

Yet ocean unto ocean cries!
For us their mighty tides go forth.
We front the sun—behind us lies
The mystery of the unconquered North!

And ardent Aspiration peers
Beyond the clouds, beyond the night,
Beyond the faltering, paltering years,
An there behold the Breaking Light!

For though the thoughtful mind has passed
From mortal ken, the generous hand—
The seed they sowed has sprung at last,
And grows and blossoms through the land.

And time will realize the dream,
The lightly spread o'er land and wave;
And Honor, in that hour supreme,
Will hang its wreath o'er Foster's grave.

PRINCE ALBERT, N. W. T. C. MAIR.

* Parliament Hill. † Confederation. ‡ Mr Foster was fond of French-Canadian song; its vivacity and plaintiveness equally touched him.

DON.

Society.

I give you the comments of a lady friend of mine concerning last week's great event—the Charity Ball. "Unlike the general run of balls, the married women were in the majority; but probably that was the secret of the success of the evening, as the chaperones dispensed with those most unpleasant creatures—the wall-flowers. I fancy of all the married ladies present, Mrs. Nordheimer and Mrs. D Alton McCarthy's married daughter were decidedly the handsomest women. Of course there were any number of beautiful women—in fact, as I gazed around the spacious room I was unable to discover even one 'ugly duckling'."

Mrs. Cattanach looked queenly indeed, and Mrs. Sweny was much admired. I expected to find *debutantes* innumerable, but I was disappointed, as there were only a few present. Miss Brough, who was attired in a soft white gown, looked very bewitching, and Miss Otter looked as sweet as possible. Miss Dixon, who wore a cream dress, looked as usual, very pretty. Mrs. Merritt evinced a lively interest in two young ladies she was chaperoning. Mrs. Arkle was chaperoning four charming young ladies, two of whom were *debutantes*, Miss Maude Arlington and Miss Blossom Kingsmill. Mrs. Arkle has long been noted as a chaperone, and she proved herself worthy of undertaking the capacity, last Thursday evening, as her charges seemed to have partners innumerable.

Mr. McKenzie and Mr. Herman Boulton, two of the many charity ball stewards, seemed quite an acquisition to the young ladies present and were in truth very gallant.

Another lady friend furnishes me with a list of dresses she noticed at the Charity Ball of last Thursday, and says: The verdict of every one was that they had never danced on a better floor or to such lovely music. It seemed more like floating in the air; and to those who, like myself, were merely lookers-on, the glittering throng must have been a great tax on their powers of endurance, for a wild longing seized one to rush into the crowd in spite of the bonds with which etiquette holds you, and take part in the mazy waltz. The dais looked quite artistic, with large Turkish rugs, easy chairs and sofas, immense plants, portieres, placques, etc. The lady patronesses present were Mrs. Osler, in black silk with steel beaded front; Mrs. Brough, garnet satin with coffee-colour lace; Mrs. Cattanach, cream brocaded satin, pearl necklace with diamond drops; Mrs. Sweny, white brocade satin and train; Mrs. Langmuir, black satin; ornaments, diamonds; Mrs. Howland, Nile green silk and black lace; Mrs. J. O. Heward, blue satin and coffee lace. The ball was opened with the lancers, the first set being danced by Mrs. Sweny and Mr. Stuart Morrison, Mrs. Brough and Mr. Langmuir, Mrs. Langmuir and Mr. Brough, Mrs. Cattanach and Mr. Mervyn Mackenzie, Miss Gussie Robinson and Mr. Fox. One of the marked features of the evening was the dancing of the Highland schottische by pretty Miss Allie Heward in valenciennes lace, and Mr. Mervyn Mackenzie, who did it to perfection. Miss Robinson looked particularly pretty in a brown beaded dress with poppies. Miss Edith Maule wore blue satin and tulle, and her sister, Miss Lillie Maule, white satin and tulle. Mrs. Galbraith was very much admired in black satin, with lace and long yellow silk gloves; Miss Dumble, black velvet and train; Miss Hattie Scott, cream souri silk; Miss Lottie Wood, black lace and Nile green ribbons; Miss Ethel Osler, black lace over satin with dark green ribbons; Miss May Livingston wore tulle over white satin and decked with roses here and there; Miss Sybil Seymour from Port Hope, in blue brocade satin and powdered hair, was I think one of the prettiest in the room; Misses Beckie and Gertrude Jones were considered belles—the sisters were dressed alike in mauve souri silk and coffee lace; Miss Gertrude wore a magnificent diamond comb in her hair; Miss Trixie Hoskin wore white tulle with a yellow satin bodice; Miss Maggie Thompson, white satin; the fair Miss Ethel Dixon wore yellow and cream souri silk.

At half-past four last Saturday the scene in the neighborhood of the guns in the Queen's Park was even more brilliant than at the same hour on the previous Saturday. The members of the Toronto Driving Club turned out in even greater force for the second meet of their season than for the first, and the attendance can have been but little short of the total membership of the club. Besides those actually taking part in the drive there was a numerous body of spectators both on foot and in sleighs, and so bright was the scene that these latter must have been glad of their presence at it. In the absence of the president of the club, Mr. J. K. Kerr, Q.C., the vice-president, Colonel Otter, with his good-looking pair, and Mr. Hamilton Merritt, with a very showy four-in hand led the long procession of sleighs. Smart tandems, "tooled" by Mr. Edin Heward, Mr. George Beardmore and Mr. Williams, R. E., were very conspicuous, while most of the cutters and "teams" were well-horsed and caparisoned. The route was the same as usual, the well-known road to Weston; the leaders showed good judgment as to their pace, and drove neither too fast nor too slowly, so that the order of starting was preserved to the end and there was no sign of the unseemly racing which last year led to more than one accident. At the Weston hotel this year there is much improvement in regard to the comfort of the club, and especially as regards the stable accommodation. Members are now not always compelled to do their own harnessing and unharnessing, and their enjoyment of the club's days is much increased thereby.

Dinner at the hotel is vastly better than last year, the floor of the dancing room, which was always good, is good still, and although shoulders are warmly protected and waistcoats cover manly bosoms, no dancing is so vigorous as at these delightful meets. Amongst the members who were present on Saturday, and their guests, were Colonel and Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mrs. Bain, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickson, Mr. Shanly, Messrs. Hume and William Blake, Miss Mabel Heward, Miss Louise Burton, Miss E. Benson of Port Hope, Miss Otter, Miss Kate Merritt, Miss Small, Mr. Small, Mr. Goldingham, Mr. John Haye, Mr. Roberts, Miss Robinson, Miss Langmuir, Mr. Benjamin Crouyn, Colonel Dawson, Miss Mabel Blake, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. Stephen Heward, Miss Grace Boulton, Mr. Tilley, the Misses Larratt-Smith, Mr. Hugh Larratt-Smith, Miss Law of Montreal, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Mr. Mayne Campbell, Mr. Archie Campbell, Miss Campbell, Miss Brough, Mr. Frank Jones, Mr. Christopher Boulton. The man who enjoys himself least on these occasions is perhaps the Hon. Sec., for his duties are many and some of them onerous. It goes without saying that Mr. Fox grapples with them as calmly and successfully as ever.

Mr. Darling of New York and late of Montreal, a nephew of Mr. Henry W. Darling, was in town for a few days this week.

Amongst those suffering from carnival fever, but rapidly recovering, are Mr. Dugald McMurchy, the Messrs. Michie, Mr. W. R. Brock and Mr. Robert Miles. These gentlemen arrived from Montreal last Monday morning, and now they have had enough of carnivals to last them a lifetime.

Mrs. George Torrance and Miss Eudie Hugel of Port Hope have gone to Washington to study diplomacy at headquarters under the tutelage of Mrs. Alexander Cameron.

I wonder if many people have seen the description of a late fashionable Toronto wedding in the Sunday edition of a Buffalo paper and the somewhat rabid comments thereon. It may not be the fashion in the States for a militia officer to be married in uniform and to be attended to the altar by brother officers similarly attired, and it is possibly true that such is not often the custom in the British service, but the Royal Grenadiers of Toronto are *tout autre chose*, and really their scarlet is very smart.

After the fuss made over her in Ottawa and Montreal Madame Albani must have found Toronto rather dull. The great singer has many acquaintances here, and some of them might surely have organized some entertainment in her honor. However, the main thing is, after all, dollars and cents, and the highly fashionable and completely representative audience of Monday night must have stood for many of the former.

Since our theatrical managers have failed to secure the famous Gaiety Company for either of their houses, a large party of enthusiasts are making arrangements to travel nearly seven hundred miles to Montreal and back in order to see them there next month.

Mrs. Stiff of Albany, N. Y., and Miss Stiff are staying with Colonel and Mrs. Sweny. Mrs. Sweny entertained many of her guests this week who came to be present at her much discussed ball, and for the first time since his occupancy of it, the Colonel's splendid house must have been full.

Mr. and Mrs. Mycroft of Leicester, England, were visitors to town this week, and have participated in much of the season's gaiety.

It is with much pleasure I am able to state that Miss Campbell is so far advanced towards convalescence that she was able to stand the journey to Ottawa last week. It is confidently hoped that change of scene and air will rapidly complete a cure. Toronto society will be glad indeed when its youngest and most popular leader is able to take her old place.

Mr. Arthur Perley and Miss Perley of New Orleans have exchanged their own warm and unhealthy climate, for a spell of the bracing strength of a Canadian winter. Mr. and Miss Perley, are, I imagine, very typical Southerners; it is a type that is received well here, and one cannot help an occasional wish that many of the inhabitants of the Eastern States should find it worthy of imitation.

Mr. Reginald Thomas was in town last Sunday; this gentleman shows signs already of a certain polish which his Parisian naturalization is sure to accomplish.

Mrs. James Loudon gave a very successful At Home at her charming residence, 133 St. George street, on Saturday evening from eight to eleven. Among those present I noticed Professor Baker, Mr. and Mrs. J. McAndrew, Mrs. and Miss Moss, Mrs. Bain, Mrs. Adamson, Father Teefy, Miss Sproul of St. Louis, Mr. Forsythe, Dr. and Mrs. Aikens, Mr. and Mrs. Creelman, Miss Lawler, Professor and Mrs. Hutton, the Misses Loudon, Professor and Mrs. Ashleyand Professor Loudon's mathematical class consisting of some sixteen or seventeen gentlemen. Some excellent music by Mrs. Adamson on the violin and several piano solos by Miss Katie Loudon made the evening pass off very pleasantly.

Several of Toronto's best artists are giving a concert at Rev. Mr. Osler's church at York Mills, Tuesday evening, February 19. A van will leave the city to take the performers out about six o'clock when a pleasant time is anticipated. I hear that those that will take part are Dr. and the Misses Geikie, Miss May Francis, Mr. Henry Jarvis, Dr. Scadding, Miss Osler, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Gus Heward.

Miss Josephine Smith of Wellesley street gave a very pleasant party last Monday evening to a few of her friends. Dancing was the order of the evening. Among the invited ones were Miss Mabel Bright, Miss Jessie Murray, Miss Alice Heward, Miss Eva Livingstone, and Messrs. W. Parsons, L. and G. Heward, Bailey, Boddy and Boyd.

Mrs. Boulton, opposite the Grange, gave an At Home at the Grange last Wednesday afternoon to say good-bye to Mr. Williams, who has been staying with Mrs. Stephen Heward, and is now leaving for England to join his regiment. Among those I noticed there were Mrs. Strachan, Mrs. J. O. Heward, Miss Mabel Heward, Miss Williams, Mrs. Darling, Mrs. M. Boulton, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Wragge, Mrs. Edwards, the Misses Wragge, Miss Otter, Miss Robinson, the Misses Dixon, Miss Campbell, Miss Bethune, Rev. Mr. Cayley, Messrs. Williams, F. Jones, W. Jones, Hollyer, Goldingham, Augustus Heward, Roberts, Fox.

The skating party given by Miss Connie Beardmore last Saturday afternoon was perfect in all its arrangements, so the merry little skaters declared, and to those who watched them marching along Beverley street two by two it made them long to be young once more, so full of life and spirits were they. After skating for two or three hours they returned to Mrs. Beardmore's to tea, then to cap the climax of the day's enjoyment they went out for a prolonged sleigh drive, the sleigh being packed to its utmost capacity with Mr. Cayley. Miss Connie Beardmore, Miss Madeline Cayley, Miss Emma Cayley, Miss Hilda Boulton, Miss Edith Boulton, Miss Edith Jarvis, Miss Edith Tilley. The night was beautiful and nothing happened to cloud the day's pleasure.

The ball of Col. Sweny on Wednesday outshone by far anything lately given in this city, the appointments were on the grandest scale and were quite in keeping with their magnificent mansion. The gallant colonel is, as everyone knows, a typical host, and he was ably sustained by his amiable lady. Refreshments were served all evening, both up and down stairs. The supper-room, which was upstairs, was the whole length of the house, and the guests were grouped at over one hundred little tables. The supper itself was a *chef-d'œuvre*, and would do credit to the most elaborate French cook. It is needless to say that the youth, beauty and fashion of the city were there. Mr. Williams made his final appearance before leaving for England, and his dancing of the Highland schottische will long be remembered; it was the finest I have ever seen.

Mrs. George Lillie gives a little dance for the friends of her daughter Millie, on Monday next.

Miss Chadwick from Simcoe has been staying with Mrs. J. R. Macdonald of Charles street.

Mrs. Thorne of Queen's Park gave a delightful little evening last Tuesday.

Miss May Francis is having a few friends tonight to rehearse for the concert to be held at Eglinton next Tuesday.

A well attended conversazione in connection with St. Matthias' Church was given at St. Andrew's Hall on Thursday evening. Music, dancing and refreshments.

Madame Albani Gye entertained during her stay in the city at the Queen's Hotel Mrs. Romain Walsh and Miss Bolte of Cecil street. Mrs. Walsh was a convent friend of Mde. Albani, having been a pupil of the Sacred Heart Convent in Montreal during the same years as the Canadian Queen of Song.

The B. B. Club gave a skating party last Monday evening at the Granite rink. Among those present were: Misses Stanton, Port, Score, Irving, Baber, Farquhar, Strachan, Cooper, Trotter, Fahey; Messrs. McCrae, Stanton, Lee, Score, Cooper, Blackburn, Douglas, Homes, Fahey. Mrs. Sheard acted as chaperone. About 9 45 the party left the rink, and spent a most enjoyable evening at the residence of Mrs. Cooper, Ontario street.

Hon. A. S. Hardy entertained a large company at dinner on Wednesday, February 6.

The first of Speaker Baxter's dinners took place a week ago Thursday.

Mrs. Hardy gives an At Home next Wednesday.

Dr. McFarlane of Gerrard street will entertain some of his friends at dinner on February 28.

A couple of hundred invitations have been issued for an At Home at the residence of Mr. Hugh Scott of 16 Sultan street on Friday, February 22.

Mrs. Nairn of 355 Jarvis street will have an At Home with dancing on Monday, February 25. The invitations, I understand, have been limited to one hundred and fifty.

Masonic Grand Master Walkem of Kingston paid a visit to Ionic Lodge on Wednesday evening, and met, by invitation, a large number of the city masons.

I reserve till next week a full description of the University College Conversazione last night; it was one of the events of the season.

Next Friday night Trinity Conversazione, The Wanderers' Snow Shoe Club At Home will also come just a little too late for description that week.

To-morrow (Sunday), Vicar-General Rooney's handsome new church (St. Mary's) on Bathurst street will be dedicated at 10.30 a. m., and as I have the honor of an invitation, I shall be there.

The fifth annual meeting of the Athenæum Club, held last Monday evening, showed a very prosperous condition of affairs. The club has $950 of a reserve fund, and the receipts last year were $700 in excess of 1887. The applicants for membership are so numerous that an application has been made to increase the capital stock from $3,000 to $10,000, the old stock having been all taken up by the 500 members who now belong. The club intend to have a bowling alley added to the numerous attractions they already possess. Mr. James Mason was appointed honorary president, and Mr. Chas. Pearson, Mr. J. P. Edwards, Mr. R. F. Lord, Mr. H. J. Hill, Mr. Geo. A. Macagy, Mr. Arthur Ardagh, Mr. Frank Nicholls, Mr. J. W. O'Hara, and Mr. J. Hallworth elected directors. The following officers were then elected, Mr. Chas. Pearson, president, Mr. J. P. Edwards, vice-president, Mr. H. J. Hill, treasurer, Mr. Arthur Pearson, secretary.

Last week I made a mistake in saying that when Professor Torrington sent out circulars regarding the new music hall, he received no answers. I should have said he received no answers to the articles he published in the city papers. He tells me there were several who answered the circular.

Tuesday evening in the Victoria rink, Huron street, a dinner was given to Mr. George Goldwin Smith Lindsey, on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Cora Bethune, daughter of the late James Bethune, Q.C. Mr. H. Brock was in the chair and Mr. W. F. W. Creelman was vice-chairman. Amongst the gentlemen present were: Messrs. John King, Berlin; A. H. Marsh, John Wright, W. W. Jones, A. H. Collins, R. O. McCulloch, F. S. Dickey, A. Winslow, R. Northcote, Harry Brown, W. L. M. Lindsey, C. N. Shanly, H. K. Cockin, A. G. Brown, Lyman Dwight, Dugald McMurchy, G. A. Simpson, A. B. Aylesworth, A. B Cameron, H. J. Bethune and W. H. Godwin. Speeches and songs by Messrs. Jones, Dickey, Collins, Brown, and the jovial guest of the evening, made the event a most enjoyable affair.

Personal.

Next Friday night Stevenson Lodge At Home.

The Toronto Gun Club will have their annual dinner on Thursday, February 21.

Mrs. J. Goulding of 16 St. Patrick street gave an At Home on Wednesday, February 6.

The grocers will have a concert, with refreshments and dancing, on Monday, February 25.

Miss Lizzie Higgins has withdrawn from the Conservatory, and has joined the staff of the Toronto College of Music.

On Friday evening, March 1, Toronto Division of the Order of Railway Conductors will hold their fifth annual ball at Shattesbury Hall.

Ex-Ald. David Walker and Mr. Charles Cameron of Collingwood are spending these cold days in Northern Mexico, en route to Los Angeles.

Mr. Edward Trout of the *Monetary Times*, who was severely injured a few weeks ago by being thrown from a wagon, is now convalescent.

The Queen's Hotel and Walker House employes held their first annual ball and sleighing party to Eglinton on Thursday evening, February 7. There were sixty-five couples present.

Bowmanville, Ont., has organized a Philharmonic Society, with Mr. J. Waldron of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, as conductor, Mr. W. S. Russell, president, Dr. McLaughlin, M. P. P., first vice-president, Mr. E. R. Bounsall, second vice president, Miss Armour, secretary, and Mr. W. R. Climie, treasurer.

The members of the Melnotte Dramatic Club gave a most successful At Home at the Victoria Hall on Wednesday evening. Dancing was commenced at 8.30 and continued with vigor until midnight. The hall was prettily decorated for the occasion. This club has already given two successful performances this season, and a third is promised. Mr. A. Strute is the secretary.

A very enjoyable time was spent last Wednesday evening, February 6, at the residence of Mr. James Stevenson, 106 Bond street, on the occasion of the marriage of his daughter, Miss Jennie Stevenson, to Mr. Charles Downs. The guests were numerous, including many old friends of both bride and groom from Collingwood, Stayner, Hamilton and Buffalo. The ceremony was performed by Rev. James Patterson, pastor of Cooke's Church.

Castlefield, Eglinton, the residence of Mr. J. R. Miller, of Miller & Duncan, barristers, etc., was the scene of a very festive gathering on Friday evening, February 8. Four sleigh loads of young people from the city took possession of the house and made thing merry until the "wee sma'" hours of morning. Miss Miller proved to be a very genial hostess, being indefatigable in her endeavors to make all happy. A string band from the city accompanied the party and supplied excellent music.

On Tuesday evening the bachelors of Erminie Club entertained the club and a number of their friends at a sleigh drive and At Home. The bachelors and their guests, numbering about sixty, had a pleasant drive round the suburbs of the city for about two hours, and at 10 p.m. returned to 93 Carlton street, Mrs. Wilkins having placed her spacious residence at their disposal. Here a most enjoyable time was spent in dancing and music. The floor of the ball-room had been waxed to perfection, and Prof. Bohner's orchestra and Harry Webb's catering did much towards the evening's enjoyment. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Rose, Mrs. and the Misses Jacobi, Mr. and Miss Peuchen, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Gordon, Miss Hay of Woodstock, Mrs. Britton, the Misses Robinson, Mrs. Peiper, Dr. H. Gray, Mr. and Miss Firstbrook, Miss McIntosh of London, the Misses Strong, Mr. and Mrs. C. Sparling, Mr. James Beatty, Miss Trotter, Miss Taylor, Mr. George McLean, the Messrs. Wilkins, Pinkerton, Styles, Sutherland, R. S. Wilson, Miss Creighton, the Misses Barton, Mr. W. M. Hay and Miss Hay, Mess Thomas and R. B. Elgie.

On Wednesday evening of last week, at St. Mark's Church, Parkdale, by Rev. C. L. Inglis, Miss Jennie Butler was united in marriage to Mr. John Carson, ex-mayor of Kingston. The bride was attired in cream velvet, trimmed with crystals, orange blossoms and veil, and carried a posy of white roses. The bridesmaids were Miss Ella Moore of Hamilton, Miss F. Parker of Toronto, Miss Sarah Land of Aylmer; also two little girls, Edna Birley, niece of the bride, and Ettie Price, who were escorted by a nepnew of the groom, Master Jack Carson. The groomsmen were Mr. Boyden of Toronto, Mr. Cromley and Mr. Vantassel of Kingston. After the ceremony a reception was given at the residence of the bride's brother-in-law, Mr. F. P. Birley, 71 Close avenue. Amongst the invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Carson, Mr. T. Carson, Mr. and Mrs. Crawford of Kingston; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Sutcliffe of Brampton, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Ross of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Price of Aylmer, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ross of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. C. Stanley of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Trorey, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. B. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll, Mrs. Wm. Ross, Mrs. Inglis, Mr. and Mrs. Potts, Miss Morrison, Miss Bowden, Miss Hancock. Among the presents was a diamond set by the groom.

The proprietor points with pleasure to the fact that a large number of the first ladies and gentlemen of this city may be constantly seen entering 81 King street east where a branch of the celebrated Berlitz School of Languages has been recently established.

Papa's Little Girl.

She is so dainty and so sweet,
To see her dance is quite a treat,
As swiftly turn her tiny feet
In gay, delicious whirl.
Her eyes are purest, truest blue;
They seem to look you through and through;
And now, I s'pose you wonder who
Is papa's little girl.

That is the name she calls herself,
She's such a pretty little elf;
Ah, well! she knew where laid the pelf,
And gave her fan a twirl:
When Moneybags placed all his store
Of gold, and sixty years or more,
At her fair shrine, upon the floor
Gazed papa's little girl.

So simple, shy and ingenue,
Quite too bewitching, pure and true,
She sighs when e'er she looks at you,
And pats a truant curl.
But all the same she doesn't care;
She'd rather wed a millionaire,
And ride in a'del coach and pair,
Would papa's little girl.

PEARL EYTINGE in *Judge*.

Theory and Practice.

Mistress—Merey on me, what a kitchen! Every pot, pan and dish is dirty, the table looks like a junk shop, and—why it will take you a week to get things cleaned up! What have you been doing?

Servant—Sure, mum, the young ladies has just been down here showing me how they roast a potato at the cooking schools."

The Sensitive and Defiant Actress.

Of all classes of women that I have ever encountered the actress is in many respects the hardiest, the most sensitive and the most defiant. She winces at a paragraph, but she defies a blizzard.

A hiss will destroy her, but she will go through changes of temperature that would carry a washwoman off with pneumonia; she is as superstitious about medicine as a Sioux squaw, but she is as defiant of colds and fevers as a Chalcedony image. In emotional tremors she is a jelly-fish; in physical ruggedness she is an Esquimaux.

What some of these delicately organized, phthisicky and nervous creatures go through would amaze a sanitarian. Their vicissitudes of climate and changes of food, their nervous tension risks of clothing and stage draughts and superheated cars, are something that have never been exploited.

Nobody ever builds theatres to make the actress comfortable—only the audience. Nobody ever constructed a dressing-room in which a salamander could live for three nights.

The working actress encounters all zones, all climates, all diets, all risks in one tour, and she comes back as a rule hearty and happy.

Last winter I was called into the State of Maine. I arrived in one of the cities of that State with the thermometer at four degrees below zero. On the train was a company of actors and the leading woman was a fragile, slightly hysterical, rather weak-lunged, white-skinned, thin-blooded and somewhat pretty creature. The car in which she had traveled for one hundred miles was super-heated to discomfort. She went from the train hurriedly to the theater, she occupied a dressing-room in which there was a window with two broken panes, in which apertures some former occupant of the box had stuffed paper. She hurriedly munched a sandwich and swallowed a cup of tea and disrobed in this room for the stage. She told me the next day when I was talking to her about this matter that when she pulled her clothing from the trunk the little flakes of frozen perspiration dropped on the floor at her feet. She had to dress herself with precipitate haste and appear upon a cold stage in low-necked dress and bare arms. When the curtain rose the draught of cold air from the house made the men in the company shiver. On the last night of the company's performances in this town she was hurried from the theater to catch a train and went skimming gleefully away on a winter's morning over endless fields of snow and through bitter arctic blasts.

Afterward, when in New York, I used to watch the route of that company with the expectation of hearing that at some time this fragile actress had taken to a bed of sickness, that pneumonia had caught up with her somewhere in her hurrying career. But no, she went from Maine to New Orleans, and from New Orleans to Minnesota, and came back to what actors call "dear old New York," looking just the same in appearance and perhaps to the critical observer somewhat improved in health and condition.

I have so often encountered this same phenomenon, I have studied it with so much care, that I should before this have arrived at something like a physiological solution of it, but I must confess that to-day I am almost as much in the dark as I was twelve years ago. I find that the vicissitudes, the aberrations, the uncertain life, the irregular meals, the violent changes of temperature, the ill-ventilated dressing-room, the cross draughts of the stage, the disappointments of the profession, all failed to affect her, as we are reasonably entitled to think they should.

Some time ago I went into the dressing-room of one of our Broadway theaters where are employed a number of young women. The rooms were heated by means of steam pipes, the thermometer which I carried in my vest pocket showed the temperature of the room to be eighty-nine degrees. When the two girls who dressed in this stall came into it from the stage they chatted some moments and then threw open the window and there poured through it a sharp and almost withering blast of cold night air. They were scantily clad, but they laughed and paid no attention whatever to the risks they ran.

On another occasion last summer I looked into the dressing-room of another theater where there were five or six of these horrible cubical stalls in a row, without windows and no possible means of ventilation. In each one of them were two gas-jets protected by wire masks. The room was simply asphyxiating. The hydrogen lay in a heavy stratum as high as the nostrils of an ordinary person. To live in this room every night would entail some risk to the most robust constitution, but from this densely loaded atmosphere the women had to plunge upon a stage where every appliance had been brought into play to produce an artificial draught from the audience when the curtain was up.

I never heard that any of the occupants of that room caught cold or suffered any specific ill while playing at that theater.

To the man who has paid any attention whatever to the risks of health it is incredible that the sensitive women who seek the stage as a profession do not oftener break down under the conditions which surround them. Not alone are these conditions exceptional in a physical sense, but they are altogether unique in an emotional sense. The nervous tension of an actress who has embarked her reputation and perhaps her money in a theatrical experiment which is beset by a thousand contingencies that she cannot foresee, and which in spite of all human prevision may be wrecked by a bad night, by a bad associate, by an unskilled stage manager, is something that cannot be measured by our knowledge of the ordinary cares of life. She may have been months preparing, not only herself, but others, and the preparation involved not only mental application in the way of study, but executive skill, financial sagacity, constant supervision of hundreds of details and the incalculable labor of imparting her ideas, her business and her intelligence to people about her who are untrained and may be unintelligent. She comes to her experiment worn out with rehearsals, weighed down by anxiety, conscious perhaps of public indifference and of many enemies, and she goes through her first night's performance under a strain that it is impossible to find anywhere in any other profession.

How far mental excitement, the enthusiasm of vanity and the sanguine hope of success operate to keep her up we have no exact means of knowing, but that they do in some way offset all the ills incident to such a career is, I think, indisputable to anyone who has watched the actress.

That she is at all careful or well disciplined in her emotions or prudent in her conduct I do not think can be asserted of her generally. She resorts to various kinds of stimulants from sheer necessity—sometimes it is tea; sometimes it is Moet and Chandon. She sooner or later contracts the habit of eating late suppers, and I am sorry to say in many cases, of smoking cigarettes, unless she is a vocalist, when she speedily finds out that this habit so relaxes the muscles of her throat and the vocal chords as to make it a simple question whether she will give up singing or give up the cigarette.

If she catches cold she usually doses herself with nostrums. The better advertised the nostrum is the more faith she has in it. I have counted ten bottles of quack medicine on the table of one of our best known actresses. I asked her which one she was taking, she replied "all of them," and that she was going to continue until she found the right thing.

I believe she must have some invisible guardian who accompanies her through her perilous and winding maze.

I have seen a great deal of her and have watched her, now with alarm and now with wonder. I have seen her do the work of five men when she was under stress of nervous excitement and then throw herself upon her couch and recuperate in one night. I have seen her on the snowbound train in the West when all the men were disconsolate, hungry and cold, the exultant life of the party, shaking her bloodless little fist at frost and starvation and ready to beguile death itself with a dance.

I have seen her after a three hours' performance when the "heavy" man was panting like a bull, fanning herself leisurely in her room and discussing the bills of her dressmaker with exuberant citations from Mark Twain. I have seen her when failure came and the work of months was frostbitten in a night, dash away a few tears, go home and set to work again to build a new drama. I have seen her on her bed, worn out and suffering, when the physician advised weeks of rest and forbade her even to see her friends, get up, put on her walking costume and go down to Union Square to sign a new contract, and in three weeks I read she was playing in Montreal.

That this anomalous creature is made of different organs or different tissues from the rest of us, I do not assert. Her functions are about the same as those of ordinary humanity; she must eat, she must digest, she must breathe oxygen, she must sleep, but my experience of her is that she can eat anything, that she can get along with less oxygen and less sleep than any of us, and I ask myself what it is that gives her this immunity. I do not find that she breaks down to any large extent. I do not find her suffering on the stage with a cough or cold in the head, or with rheumatic pains. She wears less clothes sometimes than a pearl diver; she will eat welsh rarebits, pigs' feet, mince pie, soft shell clams and hard boiled eggs at two o'clock in the morning. She will breathe sulphuretted hydrogen by the gallon and convert it into a comic song at the slightest provocation.

I am here reminded that during the war some stalwart regiments were recruited from the Pineries and the docks, and the men took their brawn into the service and were outlived, outworked and outfought by the clerks, the counterjumpers, and the men from the homes and schools.

I remember, too, now that I think of it, that it was said by the army surgeons and sanitarians that those more delicately reared men had an inward strength which the others never possessed.

I wonder if the actress possesses some elixir of life that we know nothing of!

I see her every day white with the frost of many seasons, but vital yet with the life that her service could not utterly extinguish. She does not, as a rule, die young.

I have often thought that perhaps the freedom, the elation, the stimulus of emotional endeavor, and the absence of a great deal of the conventional and unhealthy restraints of the workshop, the saloon and the home itself, may serve to lift her along in defiance of many of the daily ills which we suffer from.

Generally she is enthusiastic, and what a magnificent factor enthusiasm is in life! How it pours its champagne, tingling through all the veins! How it lights the eye, how it makes the heart pump and the pulse high! In moments of enthusiasm, which come here and there to most of us, we know what wings have been given us to surmount ordinary routine, and theirs is a life of enthusiasm. They live upon no dull plane of existence, they are always in the valleys or on the peaks. Here it is twilight and there it is sunrise. They go from one extreme to the other and wipe away their tears and carol their songs and forget in the triumph of the moment the defeats and disasters of months.

One thing is very certain: The stage is no bed of roses, and I suppose the real Spartan secret of the problem is this, that the hard conditions of an active professional life weed out and kill out all who cannot with vital resistance go through its ordeal.

In some of those arctic regions where nature is a cruel mother and life is a sharp pang with the tooth of the element always in the flesh, we wonder how man survives at all, but I have read that the mothers throw their offspring into a snowbank when it is born, and if it survives the shock they know it will be a true Hyperborean.

There are no weak-lunged children left in such a case to make the fight.

Another thought here and I am done, and this thought has not, to my knowledge, been anywhere presented.

The trouble with civilized man at this time of day is mainly nervous. Muscular disease shows a tendency to refine itself into cerebral and cardiac symptoms. The more sensitive and refined we get the more our ailments lurk at the center. The atmosphere of our life is overcharged with stimulants. Every day we come closer to all the events that are taking place on the planet. We are subject to converging shocks of emotion from every point of the compass.

Now it is a law of our organization that an emotion once engendered ought to flow into expression or action. If great grief cannot transfer itself into tears the heart will break. A great fright ought to expend itself in a scream of relief; pain in provided with conduits of groans. I even think that if you were to stop the blasphemy of the rude man who is excited he would have some kind of cardiac paralysis.

Nature provides these outlets for emotion and feeling.

Civilization stops them up.

What we call culture evinces itself in suppression. The exuberant man in your parlor who weeps and laughs demonstratively is a savage. Enthusiasm is vulgar. To let emotion flow easily into the relief of motion is *banal*. Isn't this so? Isn't the badge of breeding repose, silence, endurance, composure, while the heart is hot and the blood is boiling?

And has culture killed or only suppressed emotion?

If you take fifty sensitive and cultivated girls out of society, will they not wear an eager, famished look as if they had lost all means of expressing the several thousand new things that life has provided them with.

How many silly vagaries does society invent to provide a genteel outlet for their swarming impulses! What hot flirtations, what masquerades, what sensuous religion, what caprices of art, what devices of elegant employment, what ornamental charities!

May it not be that the stage provides an outlet for the emotions that elsewhere are crushed into neuralgia, hysteria, and mania? May it not be that in depicting all phases of life and employing all her faculties in an exciting conflict, the woman finds relief from herself?

To weep in society would be weakness. To weep on the stage is a triumph. To round enthusiasm in a parlor would be shameful; to awaken it in the theater is glory.

May it not be that women who act purge themselves of much of the perilous stuff that afflicts the prisoners of the social set?

May it not be that the theater is left to us, the only place where the emotions have free play? And may it not be that in this free transference of them into action some relief and new elements of health, or at least of strength, may be supplied?

If it is at all so, how iniquitous is the work of those teachers who are trying to suppress emotion on the stage, and who tell us with withering didacticism that actors have no business with feelings and should never experience a pang or exhibit an emotion!—*New York Mirror.*

The Concert and the Opera.

At the grand Italian or English opera the only proper dress is the full dress suit. In London, England, no man is admitted to the floor or boxes of the opera houses if he is not in full evening dress, and while there is no such regulation in the Grand Opera House, Toronto, the custom prevails almost as universally as in London. As to dress at dramatic performances the lines are not so closely drawn. If a gentleman joins a regular theater party, either in a private box or in orchestra seats, he should wear full evening dress, and in fact at all times full dress is admissible at the theater in the evening; but its absence is of course excusable when a gentleman has accepted an informal invitation to dinner and goes dressed in afternoon costume and afterwards invites his friends or is invited to the theater informally. Light clothes are especially common and objectionable at the theater, and indeed in some European theaters no gentleman is admitted in the boxes or stalls save in full evening dress. Henry A. Taylor, the fashionable west end tailor, has received a number of orders for full dress suits, to be worn at the Albani concert, which will no doubt be this season's most fashionable event.

All For Economy.

Mrs. Smith (2 a.m.)—John Smith, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, coming home at this time of night!"

Smith—Why, m' dear, haven't y' any notions of 'conomy? Spect I was goin' to put up my (hic) money at a hotel?"

How to Obtain Sunbeams.

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The Power of Music.

The sun had already sunk in the west when the convict returned to his native village. During the many years of his confinement, he had harbored but one idea—that of revenge. As he neared the old school house (which, by the way, he had made up his mind to fire) a bell from a distant spire began its slow and solemn peal. A feeling which the convict had not felt in many years filled his breast. He stood rooted to the spot, and tears, hot tears moistened his cheeks. When the bell had ceased its tolling, he hastily wiped his eyes with the back of his calloused hand, and exclaimed: "My heart is softened; I will not shed blood to-night—I will rob instead!"

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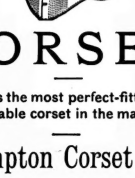

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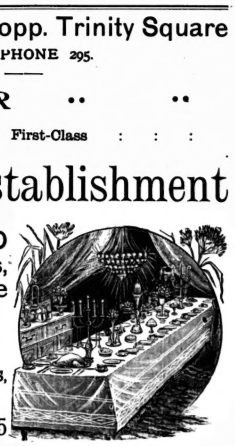

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"THE DAY WILL COME."

BY M E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," "The Fatal Three," etc.

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[In order that readers commencing this story now may have a good idea of the contents of the first five chapters we give the following brief synopsis of them. The story opens in the village of Cheriton, where the villagers are assembled to welcome the heiress of Cheriton and her newly acquired husband, Sir Godfrey Carmichael, the owner of the estate adjoining that of Lord Cheriton. Lord Cheriton, the bride's father, was at one time plain James Dalbrook, the son of shopkeeping parents in Dorchester, and owed his title and his estates, which had formerly belonged to a somewhat reckless family named Strangway, to his successful exertions at the bar. His daughter, Juanita, and young Carmichael had been playmates in childhood and their friendship ripened into love as they grew to years of maturity. Now they were married, and on the express wish of the bride, had come to spend their honeymoon at the home of her childhood. Matthew Dalbrook, a respectable solicitor, was the head of another branch of the Dalbrook family, resident at Dorchester. His eldest son, Theodore, had long cherished a hopeless passion for his fair cousin, Juanita; but, being a high-minded young man, he had no feeling of enmity for his successful rival. The first bright days of the honeymoon were spent in a dream of happiness. They visited the Priory, Sir Godfrey's residence, and discussed plans for the future. They spent a day with Juanita's cousins at Dorchester. On returning from this visit, and after spending the evening with music and chat, Lady Cheriton retired early, leaving Sir Godfrey reading a favorite book. She was awakened from a dream of Woolwich by hearing the sound of a gun which she imagined was one of the cannon of that place. She looked at her watch and found it was a quarter to one. Finding that Sir Godfrey had not yet left his book, she put on her dressing gown and slippers and went down to the drawing-room intending to take him to task for his late hours. She stood transfixed with horror to find him lying on the floor in a pool of blood. The report of the gun had been real and Sir Godfrey Carmichael had been most foully murdered.]

CHAPTER VI.

"Is not short payne well borne that bringes long ease,
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life . . . ."

The morning dawned upon a weeping household. All was over before Mr. Dolby, the village surgeon, could be brought to Cheriton House. He could only examine the death-wound and express his opinion as to its character.

"It was certainly not self inflicted," he told the servants, as they stood about him in a stony group.

"Self inflicted, indeed!" echoed Lambert, "I should think not. If ever there was a young man who had cause to set store by his life, it was Sir Godfrey Carmichael. It's murder, Mr. Dolby, rank murder."

"Yes, I'm afraid it's murder," said Dolby, with an air which implied that the suicide would have been a bagatelle in comparison.

"But who can have done it, and why?" he asked after a pause.

The servants inclined to the opinion that it was the act of a poacher. Lord Cheriton had always been what they called a mark upon poachers; and there was hardly a gamekeeper in the vicinity of Cheriton who had not pledged themselves, and Sir Godfrey was the victim of that malignant feeling, however strange it might appear that hatred of Lord Cheriton should find its expression in the murder of Lord Cheriton's son-in-law.

"We must wait for the inquest before we can know anything," said Dolby, when he had done all that surgery could do for that cold clay, which was to compose the lifeless form in its final rest in a spare bedroom at the end of the corridor, remote from that bridal chamber where Juanita was lying prostrate and motionless in her dumb despair.

The local policeman was on the scene at seven o'clock, prowling about the house with a countenance of solemn stolidity, and asking questions which seemed to have very little direct bearing on the case, and taking measurements between the spot where the murdered man had been found, too plainly marked by the pool of blood which had soaked into the velvet pile, and imaginary points upon the terrace outside, with the doctor at his elbow to make suggestions, and as far as in him lay behaving as a skilled London detective might have done under the same circumstances, which conduct on his part did not prevent Mr. Dolby telegraphing to Scotland Yard as soon as the ties were at his disposal.

He was in the village postoffice when the clock struck eight, and the postmistress, who had hung out a flag and decorated her shop front with garlands on the wedding day, was watching him with an awe-stricken countenance as he wrote his telegrams.

The first was to Scotland Yard:

"Sir Godfrey Carmichael murdered late last night. Send one of your most trustworthy men to investigate."

The second was to Lord Cheriton, Grand Hotel, Paraine, St. Malo, France:

"Sir Godfrey Carmichael was murdered last night, between twelve and one o'clock. Murderer unknown. Death instantaneous. Pray come immediately."

The third was to Matthew Dalbrook, more briefly announcing the murder.

He was going to send a fourth message to Lady Jane Carmichael, began to write her address, then thought better of it, and tore up the form.

"I'll drive over and break it to her," he said to himself. "Poor soul, it will break her heart, let her learn it how she may. But it would be cruel to telegraph all the same."

Everyone at Cheriton knew how Lady Jane's affections were centred upon her only son. She had daughters, and she was very fond of them. They were both married, and married well: but their homes lay far off, one in the Midlands, the other in the North of England, and although in one case there was a nursery full of grandchildren, neither the young married women nor the babies had ever filled Lady Jane's heart as her son had filled it.

And now Mr. Dolby had taken upon himself to go and tell this gentle widow that the light of her life was extinguished; that the son she adored had been brutally and inexplicably murdered. It was a hard thing for any man to do; and Mr. Dolby was a warm-hearted man, with home ties of his own.

Before Mr. Dolby's gig was half-way to Swanage, his telegram had been delivered at Dorchester, and Matthew Dalbrook and his son were starting for Cheriton with a pair of horses in the solicitor's neat T cart, which was usually driven with one Theodore drove, and father and son sat side by side in a dreary silence.

What could he said? The telegram told so little. They had speculated and wondered about it in brief broken sentences as they stood in the roomy office fronting the sunny street, waiting for the carriage. They had asked each other if this ghastly thing could be; if it were not some mad sustainingpose of some, some blunder of a telegraph clerk's, rather than a horrible reality.

Murdered—a man who had been sitting at their table, full of life and spirits, in the glow of youth, and health, and happiness, less than twenty-four hours ago. Murdered—a man who had never knowing what it was to have an enemy, who had been popular with all classes. Had been! How awful to think of him as belonging to the past, as yesterday looked forward to so radiant a future. And Theodore Dalbrook had envied him, as even the most generous of men must needs envy the winner in the race for love.

Could it be? Or if it was really true, how could it be? What manner of murderer? What motive for the murder? Where had it happened? On the highway—in the woody labyrinths of the chase? And upon the mind of Theodore Dalbrook the most horrible ideas suggested itself to the servants. It might be the work of a poacher whom Sir Godfrey had surprised during a late ramble. Yet a poacher must be beaten before he resorted to murder, and Sir Godfrey—easy tempered and generous—was hardly the kind of man to take upon himself the functions of a gamekeeper, and give chase to any casual depredator. It was useless to wonder or to argue while the facts of the case were all unrevealed, it would be time to do that when they were at Cheriton. So the father and son sat in a dismal silence, save that now and again the elder man sighed, "It was hard on my poor Juanita; and she was so happy yesterday."

Theodore winced at the words. Yes, she had been so happy, and he had despaired because of her happiness. The cup of gladness which had brimmed over for her had been to him a fountain of bitterness. It was hard for him, as he had never realized how fondly he loved her till he saw her by her husband's side, an embodiment of life's sunshine, innocently revealing her happiness in every look and word. It was so long since he had ceased to hope. He had even taught himself to think he was resigned to his fate, and to live his life without her. But that delusion ceased yesterday, and he knew that she was dearer than she had ever been to him now that she was irrevocably lost. It is human nature, perhaps, to love her best when love was most hopeless.

They drove along the level road towards Wareham, through the freshness of the summer morning, by meadow and copse, by heath and cornfield, the skylarks carolling in the hot blue sky, the corncrake creaking inside the hedge, the chaffinch reiterating his monotonous note, the jay screaming in the wood, all living creatures revelling in the cloudless summer. It was hard, very unsupportable, that he who was with them yesterday, who had driven along this road under the westering sun, was now cold clayey and motionless, a horrible thing to be hidden away in the family vault, and forgotten as soon as possible; for what less consolation mean except persuasion to forget?

Never had the way between Wareham and Cheriton Chase looked lovelier than in this morning prime; never had the cattle grouped themselves into more delightful pictures amidst those shallow waters which reflected the sky; never had the lights and shadows been fairer upon those level meadows and yonder broken hills. Theodore Dalbrook looked over all this with hopeless escape; and even to-day, amidst the horror and wonder of his distracted thoughts, he had a dim sense of something beautiful, and something seen in a dream. He could have hardly told where he was, or what the season was, or whether it was the morning or the evening light that was giving this transfiguration.

The lowered blinds at Cheriton told only too surely that the ghastly announcement in the telegrams had not been premature. The face of the footman who opened the door was pale with distress or terror. He conducted Mr. Dalbrook and his son to the library, where the butler appeared almost immediately to answer the elder man's eager questions.

Not on the highway, not in the woods or the Park, but in the drawing-room where he had had seen him sitting in a low arm chair by the open window, in the tranquil summer night, absorbed in his pleasures.

"He was that wrapped up that I don't believe he knew I was in the room, sir," said Lambert, "till I asked him if there was anything further wanted for the night, and then he starts, looks up at me with his pleasant smile, and answers in his quiet friendly way, 'Nothing more, thank you, Lambert.' It was late!" I told him it was past eleven, and I asked if I should shut the drawing-room shutters before I went to bed, but he said, 'No, I'll see to that—I like the windows open,' and then he went on reading, and less than two hours after we found him lying on the ground, in front of the window, dead."

"Have you any suspicion, Lambert, as to the murderer?"

"Well, no, sir; not unless it was a poacher or an escaped lunatic."

"The lunatic seems rather the more probable conjecture," said Matthew Dalbrook. "The police are at work already, I hope."

"Well, sir, yes; our local police are doing all that lies in their power, and I have done what I could to assist them. Mr. Dolby wire to Scotland Yard at the same time as he wired to you."

"That was wisely done. Have th re been no traces of the murderer discovered? No indication of any kind?"

"Nothing sir; but one of the under-housemaids remembers to have heard footsteps about on the terrace, after dark, on several occasions within the last forth ght, once while Sir Godfrey and our young lady were out dinner, and two or three times at a later hour when they were in the drawing-room or the library."

"Did she see or hear more?"

"No, sir; she is rather a dull kind of girl, and never so much as troubled to find out what the footsteps mean. Her bedroom is one of the old attics on the south side of the house, and she was sitting at work near her open window when she heard the footsteps—going and coming—slow and stealthy like—upon the terrace at intervals. She is sure they were not her ladyship's nor Sir Godfrey's steps on either occasions, for they were quite different, and she would swear to these footsteps as altogether different. Slower, more creeping-like, she put it."

"Has no one been seen lurking about after dark?"

"No one, sir; as we have heard of, and the constable quet oned all the servants pretty close, I can tell you. He hasn't left much for the London detective to do."

Matthew Dalbrook had been the only spectioner in this interrogatory. Theodore had sunk into a chair on entering the room, and sat silent, with a face of marble. He was thinking of the stricken girl whose life had been desolated by this mysterious crime. His father had not forgotten her; but he had wanted, first of all, to learn all he could about her husband's death.

"How does Lady Carmichael bear it?" he asked, presently.

"Very sadly, sir; very sadly. Mrs. Morley and Celestine are both with her. Mr. Dolby ordered that she should be kept as quiet as possible, not allowed to leave her room if they could help it, but I have been very difficult to keep her quiet. Poor dear young lady! She wanted to go to him."

"Poor girl! poor girl! So happy yesterday!" said Matthew Dalbrook.

His son sat mute as if he were made of stone.

Far very far off, as it were at the end of a long dark vista, cut sharply across an impenetrable mass of thoking trees and intertwining briars, he saw Juanita again radiant, again happy, again loving and beloved, and on the threshold of her life. Fate had darkened for him, almost to blindness. But could it ever be? Could that loving heart ever forget this agony of to-day and yesterday, and be happy again? He wrenched himself from that selfish reverie; he felt a wretch for having yielded up his imagination, even for a moment to that supernal vision. He was here to mourn with her, here to pity her—to sympathise with this unspeakable grief. Murdered! Her lovehusband shot to death by an unknown hand, her honeymoon ended with one murderous flash—that honeymoon which had seemed the prelude to a lifetime of love.

"I should like to see her," said Mr. Dalbrook. "I think it would be a comfort to her to see me, however agitated she may be. Will you take my name to the housekeeper, and ask her opinion?"

Lambert looked doubtful as to the wisdom of the request, but promised to do what he asked.

"Mr. Dolby said she was to be kept very quiet, sir—that she wasn't to see anybody."

"That would hardly apply to her own people. Mr. Dolby telegraphed for me."

"Did he, sir? Then I conclude he would not object to her ladyship seeing you. I'll send up your name. Perhaps, while the message is being taken, you would like to have a look at the spot where it happened?"

"Yes. I want to know all that can be known."

Lambert had been so busy with the constable all the morning that he felt himself almost on a level with the detective, and felt that such a morbid interest in that dark stain on the delicate half tints of the velvet pile, and in such few details as was already known, He dispatched a footman upstairs, and he led the Dalbrooks to the drawing-room, where he opened the shutters of that open window through which the assassin must have climbed, and let a flood of sunshine into the darkened room.

The chair, the table, and lamp stood exactly as they had stood that night. Lambert took credit to himself for not having allowed them to be moved by so much as an inch.

"Any particular spot in my room I shall be only too happy to give to the London detective," he said. "Of course, coming on the scene as a total stranger, he can't be expected to do much worthwhile."

There was no need to point out that ghastly stain upon the carpet. The shaft of noonday sunshine seemed to concentrate its brightest beam on that grisly patch. Dark, dark, dark with the witness of a cruel murder—the murder of a man who had never done an unkindly act, or harbored an unworthy thought.

Theodore Dalbrook stood looking at that stain, white as death. It seemed to bring the dead nearer to him. He looked at the costly low luxurious chair with its covering of peacock plush, and its Turkish embroidery draped daintily across the broad high back and capacious arms—a chair to live in—a sybarite's estate—and then at the satinwood book-table filled with such books as the lounger loves—Scoffer's Doctor, Burton, Table Talk, by Coleridge, Whateley, Rogers, The Sentimental Journey, Rochefoucauld, Caxtonians, Elia, and Browne—and then at the lamp with its green handkerchief of cobweb cambric, with a monster monogram that occupied a third of the fabric, J. J. Her handiwork, dropped there last night, as she arranged the books for her husband's use—putting her own favorites in his way.

Lambert took up a book and opened it with a dismal smile, handing it to Mr. Dalbrook as he did so.

It was Wider Horizons, the volume he had been reading when the bullet struck him, and those open pages were spattered with his blood.

"Put it away for God's sake, man," cried Dalbrook, horrified, "whatever you do don't let Lady Carmichael see it."

"No, sir, but I'm not, perhaps, sir—but it's evidence, and it ought to be produced at the inquest."

"Produce it if you like; but there is evidence enough to show that he was murdered in this spot."

"As he sat reading, sir; the book is a great point."

And then Lambert expounded the position of that lifeless form, making much of every detail, as he had done to the constable.

While he was talking, the door was opened suddenly, and Juanita rushed into the room.

"Lord have mercy on us, she mustn't see that," cried Lambert, pointing to the carpet.

Matthew Dalbrook hurried forward to meet her, and caught her in his arms before she could reach that fatal spot. He held her there, looking at her with pitying eyes, while Theodore approached slowly, silently, agonized by the sight of her agony. The change from a joyous self-abandonment of yesterday to the rigid horror of to-day was the most appalling transformation that Theodore Dalbrook had ever looked upon. Her face was as white as pallor, her large dark eyes were distended and fixed, and all their brilliancy was quenched like a light blown out. Her lips quivered piteously as she tried to speak, and it was after several futile efforts to express her meaning that she finally succeeded in shaping a sentence distinctly.

"Have they found his murderer?"

"Not yet, dearest. It is far too soon to hope for that. But it is not too soon to think about that, Juanita. All will be done—be sure of that—secure in the devotion of those who love your husband—" with a break in his voice, "who love him."

She lifted her head quickly, with an angry light in the eye which had been so dull till that moment.

"Do you think I will leave that work to others? she said. "It is my business. It is all that God has left me to do in this world. It is my business to see that his murderer suffers—not as I suffer—that can never be—but all that the law can do—that the law which is merciful to murderers nowadays. You don't think he can get off lightly, do you, uncle? They will hang him, won't they? Hang him—hang him—hang him," she repeated slowly, in hoarse dull syllables. "A few moments' agony after a night of terror. So little—so little! And I have to live my desolate life. My punishment is for a lifetime."

"My love, God will be good to you. He can lighten all burdens," murmured Mr. Dalbrook, gently.

"He cannot lighten mine, not by the weight of a single hair. He has stretched forth His hand against me in harvest time, perhaps because I loved His creature better than I loved Him."

"Mr dearest, this is madness—"

"I did, I did," she reiterated. "I loved my husband better than I loved my God. I would have worshipped Satan if I could have secured him by Satan's help. I loved him with all my heart, and mind, and strength, as we are taught to love God. There was not room in my heart for any other religion. It was the beginning and the end of my creed. And God saw my happy love and hated me for it. He is a jealous God. We are taught that when we are little children. He is a jealous God, and He put it into the head of some distracted creature to come to that window and shoot my husband."

A violent fit of hysteria followed these wild words. Matthew Dalbrook felt that all attempts at reasoning or consolation must needs be vain for some time to come. Until this tempest of grief was calmed nothing could be done.

"She will have her mother here in a day or two," said Theodore. "That may bring some comfort."

Juanita heard him even in the midst of her hysterical sobbing. Her hearing was abnormally keen.

"No one, no one can comfort me, unless they can give me back my dead."

She started up suddenly from the sofa where Matthew had placed her, and grasped his arm with desperate force.

"Take me to him," she entreated. "Take me to him, uncle. You were always kind to me. They shouldn't be so cruel to him. It is not fair. It is infamous of them. I have a right to be there."

"By and-by, my dear girl, when you are calmer."

"I will be calm this instant, if you will take me to him," she said, rising from the sofa at once, with a tremendous effort, choking down those rising sobs, clasping her convulsed throat with a constraining hands, tightening her tremulous lips.

"See," she said, "I am tranquil now. I will not give away again. Take me to him. Let me see him, if you may, for the last happy life was not all a dream—a madwoman's dream—as it seems to have been now, when I cannot look upon his face."

Mr. Dalbrook looked at his son interrogatively.

"Let her see him," said Theodore, gently. "We cannot lessen her sorrow. It must have its way. Better, perhaps, that she should see him, and accustom herself to her grief; better for her health, however it may torture her at first.

He saw the risk of a further calamity in his cousin's state—the fear that her mind would totter under the weight of her sorrow. It seemed to him that there was more danger in thwarting her natural desire to look upon her beloved dead than in letting her have her way.

The three gentlemen followed her young mistress to the threshold of the door, and was waiting there. She shook her head, and murmured something about Mr. Dolby's orders, but submitted to the authority of a kinsman and family solicitor, as even superior to the family.

She led the way silently to that upper chamber where the murdered man was lying. Matthew Dalbrook put his cousin's icy hand through his arm and supported her steps as they slowly followed. Theodore remained in the drawing-room, walking up and down, in deep reflection, stopping now and then in his slow pacing to and fro to contemplate that stain upon the velvet pile, and the empty chair beside it.

In the room above, Juanita knelt beside the bed, where he who kissed her last night on the threshold of her chamber lay in his last slumber, a marble figure with calm dead face shrouded by the snowy sheet, with flowers—white waxen exotics—scattered about the bed. No sign of that ghastly death-struggle showed itself on those marble features. She lifted the sheet, and looked upon him, and kissed him with love's last despairing kiss, and then she knelt beside the bed, with her face hard by the clasped hands, calmer than she had been at any moment since she found her murdered husband lying at her feet.

"It's wonderful," whispered the housekeeper to Mr. Dalbrook; "it seems to have soothed her, poor dear, I see him—and I was afraid she would have broke down worse than ever.

"You must give way to her a little, Mrs. Morley. She has a powerful mind, and she must not be treated like a child. She will live through her trouble, and rise superior to it, be sure of that; terrible as it is."

The door opened softly, and a woman came into the room, a woman of about five-and-forty, of middle height, slim and delicately made, with squirrel-like quickness of movement, and flaxen hair just touched with grey. She was deadly pale, but her eyes were tearless, and she came quietly to the bed, and fell on her knees by Juanita's side and lifted her face as Juanita's was hidden, and the first sound that came from her lips was a long low moan—a sound of grief more agony than Mr. Dalbrook had ever heard in his life until that moment.

"Good God," he muttered to himself, as he moved to a distant window, "I had forgotten Lady Jane."

It was Lady Jane, the gentle soul who had loved that poor clay with a love that had grown and strengthened with every year of her life, with a love that had won liberal response from the recipient. There had never been a cloud between them, never one moment of disagreement or doubt. Each had been secure in the certainty of the other's affection. It had been a marriage such as not often seen between mother and son; and it was ended—ended by the red hand of murder.

Matthew Dalbrook left the room in silence, beckoning his nephew to follow him. He said, "Leave them together," he said. "They will be more comfort to each other than anyone else in the world can be to either of them. Keep in the way—here, in the corridor, in case of anything going wrong—fainting, or hysterics, for instance—but as long as they are tolerably quiet let them be together, and undisturbed."

He went back to his son, and they both left the house soon afterwards and drove off to find the Coroner and to confer with him. Later in the afternoon they saw the local policeman, whose discoveries, though he evidently thought them important, Mr. Dalbrook considered little.

He had found out that a certain village freebooter—ostensibly an agricultural laborer, nocturnally a poacher—bore a grudge against Lord Cheriton, and had vowed to be even him sooner or later. The constable opined that, being an ignorant man, this person would have mistaken Lord Cheriton's son-in-law for Lord Cheriton himself.

He had discovered, in the second place, that two vans of gipsies had been encamped outside the Chase on the night after the arrival of the bridal pair. They were, in fact, the very gipsies who had provided Aunt Sally and the French conjuring party for the entertainment of the populace, and he opined that some of these gipsies were "in it."

"Why should they be in it he did not take upon himself to explain, but he declared that his experience of the tribe justified his suspicions. He was also of opinion that the murderer had come with the intent to plunder the drawing-room, which was in his own expression, "chock-full of valuables," and that, being disappointed, and fearing to be detected, at that intent, he had tried to make all things safe by a casual murder.

"But, mean time, Sir Godfrey was sitting in his armchair, absorbed in his book. There was nothing to prevent any intending burglar sneaking away unseen. He must find some better scent than that if you mean to track the murderer."

"I hope, sir, with my experience of the district, I know a better scent for finding a thief than a stranger imported from the Metropolis," said Constable Barber, severely. "I conclude that will be a reward offered, Mr. Dalbrook?"

"There will, and a large one. I must not take upon myself to name the figure. Lord Cheriton will be here to-morrow or next day, and he will, no doubt, take immediate steps. You may consider yourself a very lucky man, Barber, if you can solve this mystery."

"Lucky!" Constable Barber knew the eager face of the police-officer with a short, angry sigh. It was of the reward he was thinking, not of the—comparatively trifling! perhaps upon the good luck which had thrown such a murder in his way. And presently the man from Scotland Yard would come on the scene, keen and business-like, yet full of a sportsman's ardor. Intent on discovery, as on a game in which the stakes were worth winning. Little cared either of these for the one fair life cut short, for the other young life blighted.

(To be Continued.)

Tommy Disappointed.

"I want to see the wheels go round,"
Said little Tommy Green;
But father had a reason sound
Why the wheels should not be seen.

For mother sat beside him there,
And on the inside ca-e
Of his gold watch was pictured fair
Another woman's face.

The Monroe Doctrine.

Many persons, who frequently see references in the newspapers to "the Monroe Doctrine," are ignorant of what this doctrine is and of the circumstances which brought about its promulgation. The following sketch by an eminent American writer gives its history in a few words.

The disappearance of Napoleon Bonaparte from Europe in 1815 restored to power and pride the incapable men whom he had been accustomed to use very much as he pleased for nearly twenty years. These were Ferdinand VII. of Spain, Alexander I. of Russia, Francis I. of Austria, and Louis XVIII. of France, four men of feeble minds and little courage, who had learned nothing and forgotten nothing from their severe experience during Napoleon's supremacy. Naturally, they chose ministers, like Metternich and others, who flattered every propensity of such minds, and made them half believe that the true way to promote virtue and happiness among men was to deprive them of liberty, and reorganize Christendom on the basis of despotism.

Nowhere was this reaction carried to such an extreme as in Spain, governed by a king who was little better than a sensualized idiot. The king's first act on his restoration was to dissolve the national legislature, and he proceeded with reckless rapidity to restore every abuse of the old system of tyranny. The nobility was again exempt from taxation; the Inquisition was restored to its power; the Jesuits, had suppressed the Bonapartes were cruelly persecuted, and the public treasury was exhausted in futile attempts to reduce the American colonies of Spain to their former subjection. It was the king's extreme want of money which induced him in 1819 to sell Florida to the United States.

At length, a host of Liberals in Spain and Portugal rose in revolt against the tyranny and waste of the king. Ferdinand, always timid, and more timid from his former experiences of revolt, yielded to the insurgents, accepted a liberal constitution, dismissed his servile ministry, and appointed the Liberal leaders in their stead. The Cortes met once more, suppressed the Inquisition, abolished entails, re-established the freedom of the press and of public meeting.

But at this point the Holy Alliance, as it was called, intervened, which then consisted of France, Austria, Russia and Prussia. A French army of a hundred thousand men invaded Spain, restored the king to his former power, suppressed the constitution, executed many Liberal leaders, and, worst of all, remained in Spain for four years to support the king in his arbitrary policy. It was supposed to be the intention, and at one time probably was the intention, of the Holy Alliance to give armed assistance to Spain and Portugal to recover their lost American provinces, which had not merely declared, but achieved, their independence.

It was at this point, and with a view to meet this new and dangerous project, that President Monroe intervened. In a special message of March 8, 1822, he expressed the opinion that the American provinces of Spain, having accomplished their independence, and being in the enjoyment of it, should be at once recognized by the United States as independent nations, and he asked Congress to appropriate a sum of money to enable him to send plenipotentiaries to reside at the respective courts.

This was "the era of good feeling" in American politics, and consequently the recommendation was at once resident, after a long and able debate were carried by a majority of one hundred and sixty-seven to one. A single member of the House of Representatives voted against the proposition. The name of this gentleman was Robert S. Garnett. He was a Virginia lawyer and a Democrat; but there his name stands in the record, solitary and alone—"Nay—Mr. Garnett."

Plenipotentiaries were sent accordingly. In his next annual message, December, 1823, Mr. Monroe inserted the few observations which have ever since been called the Monroe Doctrine. He stated that it was his opinion at the time had come "for asserting, as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American Continents, by the free and independent conditions which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power."

He further observed that the United States would consider any attempt on the part of the Holy Alliance to extend their system of government to any portion of the western hemisphere "as dangerous to our peace and safety."

Resolved not to be misunderstood, he added the following words:

"With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."

This is the Monroe Doctrine, as laid down by James Monroe. Great Britain, too, acknowledged the independence of the Spanish-American colonies, and Mr. Canning, then at the head of the Government, gave the Holy Alliance to understand that he meant something more than a mere acknowledgment. He said, in the House of Commons, that if the Bourbons were to unite in controlling Spain, it should not be Spain plus South America. He afterwards said, with the extravagance of an orator, "I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the old."

Blow for Blow.

Mamma—Tommy, don't you know it's very cowardly for a boy to strike a girl?

Tommy—Is papa a coward?

Mamma—What an idea! Of course he isn't.

Tommy—I heard him say that Mr. Hounds, who was here yesterday, that he was going to strike you for enough for the theater tickets to night.

Quite Capable.

Al.—Old Soak, Mr. Smith wants to marry your daughter; he is rich.

Old Soak—Did he tell you that?

Al.—But he doesn't drink, and his case consequently is hopeless.

Old Soak—Does he drink? I accept him.

Al.—!!!!!

Old Soak—Yes. I can drink his share.

Suspicious.

Aunt—Does your beau know that you have a glass eye?

Lena—I m afraid so, but I never told him.

Aunt—Why do you think he knows?

Lena—He sent me a poem yesterday, beginning, "I love thy large voluptuous eye.

A Fatal Defect.

Civilian—What do you think of the new dynamite cruiser, the Vesuvius? U. S. naval officer (dubiously)—Well, she is a pretty fair sort of a vessel. Civilian (testily)—Why, what's the matter with her? Naval officer—The cruiser is swift enough and all that sort of thing, but I give you my word as a gentleman, that her dancing accommodations are simply wretched, shamefully inadequate.

As the Peeler Saw It.

Policeman—Yes, sir, Mr. Stopmosby will be a famous man some day. He already has a Western reputation.

"Really? I never heard of him before."

"You haven't? Why, I've run him in three times myself."

How Oona Saved Him.

They sat at the door of the little cottage together. All about them spread the emerald award of a patch of Ireland.

Oona with her red-gold hair, her fair pink and white face and her white arms, with dimples at the elbows, looked very, very pretty, though her gown was green and not new, and her small feet dressed in clumsy boots and roughly-knitted stockings.

The grandmother withered and toothless, was witch-like enough, in her black silk, its great ruffles, and her short gown of muslin, yellow with age, over a short frieze petticoat.

Before them the ground lay level for miles and miles, dotted with little shealings and dark bogs.

The geese waddled in and out of a little pond not far from the door, and a dog snored in the shallow of the furze bushes. Oona was speaking.

"I want to go to Americay and be airnin', grannie," she said; "airnin' and sendin' home the bit of money like the other girls. I'm weary suppin' milk and atin' praties I niver help to buy. I'll take this bit of money me uncle left me—God rest his soul—and buy me a ticket to Americay with it and get a service place. Patsy and Iessy are goin, and I'll not be me lee lane on the great stame-ship. It's a foine toime to be startin' along with the two of thim."

"Are you forgettin' Jamesie, darlin'?" asked she old woman.

"Forget Jamesie! It's him I think of day an' night, slapin' or wakin'," said Oona, with two big tears in her eyes.

"An' thin, where is the promise ye made him?" asked the old woman, rocking to and fro.

"Ye promised to bide until he sint for ye, or came to make ye his wife. Grannie O'Lynn, ye'll mind that she stays safe in the home nist,' says he, 'until she flies to mine.' Thim's his words, darlin'; and I tuk me oath to him. Bide hame till Jamesie comes, lassie: there's enough fo' all."

"Jamesie will never come, grannie," said Oona. "Jamesie is passed out of my life like the flowers that faded last year. "I see no more of him, unless it may be in Hivin. Some ill has come to him. It's three years since he wint away, an' there's no news of him. He's dead, grannie. He's a schollard, is Jamesie; an' he'd write once a week, he said; an' niver a line—niver wan line! The sea is deep, grannie, an' what is a steerage passenger to a big company, dead or alive? He's no more!"

"I've thought the same at times," said grannie; "but I don't seem to see him dead. I dream of white candles at the head of folks that are dead, an' thim lyin' quiet; an' whin I drame of him, it's not like that. There's breath an' life in him, but he's troubled—troubled, darlin'."

"It may be some other woman has shtole his heart away from me. He might have been ashamed to let me know it, after the oaths he swore to be true to me while there'd be the breath of life in him," said Oona. "But how niver that may be, I've bided without airnin' too long. You've no son, grannie; and it's ditin' your daughter's daughter, that you've mithered since she was a baby, should take the place of them that's gone."

And ther they both wept together, almost as women weep over the dead; for it was hard to part. Hard too, to put away the hope of James O'Donnel sending for them to come to him, for both were to go—grannie to live with them at ease.

Alas! it must needs be done, for cold and hunger, those two wolves who are forever on the track of the Irish peasant, had been very near them of late. So Oona left the cabin and crossed the ocean, with no mischance; and her bright face won her a place, in spite of her "greenness," and she learned fast, and soon there was no want of meat or of fire in the cabin. And Oona did not tell her old grannie how sore her heart was. She had hoped against hope, believing that, after all, she would find her Jamesie in America, still true to her, or that at least she would hear of him. Now she was aware of the vast distances of she land to which she had come. It was like looking for a needle in a haystack to look for any one even in New York. A year convinced her that she should never see Jamsie in this life, and all her hope was to be able to bring grannie over before age made the old woman too feeble to come.

It was Sunday, Oona, who had nothing to spare for finery, had been to church in her simple cotton gown and neat straw hat, in which she looked better than many other girls in their ribbons and feathers, for she was as fresh and sweet as a daisy. And now she had the rest of the afternoon to herself. She was fond of walking, and the home of her employer was not far from Central Park, and her steps turned into its shaded paths quite naturally.

There were plenty of people there. Girls and their lovers in plenty. The thought of her Jamesie arose within her, and she felt her throat swell. Oh, where was he? If he were dead, where had he perished, and how? If he were false, what fair face had won him?

"There's many a prettier girl, Jamesie," poor Oona said to herself, "but none that loves you so true as me, or ever will."

Tears arose to her eyes; she turned into a less frequented path and wandered on until she came to the little rustic summer-house that stands alone on a projecting rock, not far from the block-house. Hoping to find herself alone, she entered, but saw in an instant that a man lay there asleep on the bench—a man in ragged clothes, with unkempt hair and a stubby beard, with soiled linen, and shoes that were all crushed and trodden aside, with a face that wore the flush of intoxication—a man to run from and to fear, from a woman's point of view. But Oona did not run. She stood still and clasped her hands together, and gazed down upon him, for the face was a face she knew. Changed, degraded as it was, it was James O'Donnel who lay there; her Jamesie, whose silver betrothal ring she wore; her Jamesie, the tidiest boy in the parish when he left old Ireland.

"Oh, Mother of Mercy, what has happened to bring him to this?" Oona moaned. "Him that nivir took a dhrop too much! Oh, why did I live to see this! Why!"

She looked at him, sick at heart. The smell of stale liquor lingering about him revolted her. But his head was in an uncomfortable position; his breath was laboured.

"Maybe it was sickness brought him to this," she said; and took off her shawl and folded it up to make a pillow for his head.

"Jamesie," she said.

And suddenly it came to her that, though it was Jamesie, the worse for liquor, very dirty, utterly debased, it was at least Jamesie alive, and that it might be in the power of one who loved him, with the grace of God, to bring him back to his old self. Jamesie alive, and in trouble! She knelt down beside him. She was no fine lady, and was well used to the soiled garb of laboring men, and touched him softly with her hand.

"Jamesie!" she said, softly. "Jamesie! waken up! It's Oona!"

The man stirred, opened his eyes, and stared at her, then shut them.

"Jamesie!" she said again.

This time he started up, and cried:

"Who is this!" in a strange, quavering voice, like one who had seen a ghost.

"It's Oona, Jamesie," said the girl. "Look, and you'll know me."

"I know you well," he said.

He sat up now; rested his elbows on his knees, and his chin in his hands, and uttered a groan.

"I'm not good to look at, I suppose," he said, "but I'm your own work. You can get wanfort out of that, ma'am, an' ye please."

He spoke with a sneer, and looked at her cruelly, but with so much reproach in his eyes that her heart told her he thought some ill thing of her.

"My work!" she said. "Oh, Jamesie! whatever did I do but be as thure to you as a girl could be? Whativer do you mane wid it's bein' my work?"

"Thrue!" he responded. "Yes, until a better man came. Oh! he was betther; I knew it. But I loved you, and I had your promise, and I toiled, and wrought, and saved, and prayed to all the saints to help me, just for you, Oona; and that you'd come to me wan day was all my thought; and aven whin no answers to me letthers came, I wrote again, thinkin' it some mishtake of the post, until here comes Barry Muldoon, an' greets me in the street, an' shakes me by the hand. 'Och! says he; 'did ye hear the news from Ballyboffay?'

"'I did not,' says I.

"'Oona Ma'one is married to the young squireen,' says he. 'Sure her face was her fortune,' he says.

"'That's bein' thrue, is it? I've not seen a sober day since that hour, and dhrink brings rags and dirt wid it. But it's your doin', Oona, yours. I thrusted you, and you desaved me.'

"'O, Jamesie,' moaned Oona, "did you believe that of me? Of me, Jamesie? Why, it's a lie Barry Muldoon told you, and all because I would not let him court me. 'That's the ring James O'Donnel put upon my finger,' says I, 'and I'll think of none but him until I go to marry him in Americay. Why the squireen niver came nigh us but once, to get a dhrink of buttermilk from grannie, and took no heed of me. Why should he, with a foine young lady of his own, and thim like turtle doves? And it's him shtole the letthers, no doubt, for he promised to bring them over, grannie having no cart or horse at all. And, oh! if it had been so, Jamesie, what right had ye to change the man God made you to what you've come to now? I'd not have been worth it, Jamesie, if I was a queen."

Jamesie looked at her a moment, and broke down. The tears came dropping through his fingers.

"Not thrue!" he sobbed. "And I've come to this for naught."

"And I've mourned ye for dead, Jamesie, and find ye worse," sighed Oona.

"How did you come here?" Jamesie asked, when he had conquered his emotion.

"I jist walked in unknownst," said Oona. "I'm livin' at sarvice this year here in Americay."

"I suppose you hate me now, Oona?" said Jamesie.

The girl looked steadily and sadly at him.

"I'm very discontented wid ye," she said, "at present. How can I help but be so?"

She reached out her hand for her shawl.

"Did you put that under me durthy head, Oona?" asked Jamesie.

"Yis," said Oona. "Yis, Jamesie."

"You don't hate me, Oona," said the man. "And look ye, my girl, that thought is enough to make me sthrong agin the drink. I only took it to drown me sorrows. I hate the stuff."

"I'll not touch ye now, nor be seen wid ye to disgrace ye; but twelve weeks from this date, mate me on the stheps of St. Ann's Church and ye'll find me ould self there, sober and dacent. Give your promise for that, Oona. I'll not come unless all is as it should be."

"God bless and help ye, Jamesie," sobbed the girl. "I'll be there."

She took a little rosary from her bosom and handed it to him.

"Let this be for a token betwixt us," she said.

Then he left her, and she dared not look after him.

But every night she prayed that Jamesie might have strength to do as he promised, and on the twelfth Sunday she stood on the church steps. She did not see him at first, but suddenly an arm was thrust through the crowd, and a rosary was dropped into her hand, and turning she looked on Jamesie, the old Jamesie sober and in his right mind.

"Never a drop has passed my lips since we met, Oona—me faithful Oona, mavourneen!"

But she was quite content, and he knew that before she said it. And in a year from that day, the old grandmother came to them, and they were married.

Ambiguity of Expression.

Klopstock, the German poet, was once visited by some students from Gottingen to have the meaning of one of his stanzas explained. After reading the stanza, he replied, "I cannot recollect what I meant when I wrote it; but I remember that it was the finest thing I ever wrote, and you cannot do better than to devote your lives to the discovery of its meaning."

A comical sentence appeared in the programme of a concert given by M. Gounod in London. The eighth song was printed, "'She Wandered Down the Mountain Side,' accompanied by the composer."

Instances of "neglecting the antecedent" are amusing. In an old geography we are told that a certain place is "town with 300 houses and 1,200 inhabitants, all with their gable ends towards the street."

A furrier once announced that he was prepared to "make up capes, circulars, etc., for ladies out of their own skins."

A London match vendor used the following street cry: "Buy a pennyworth of matches from a poor old man made of foreign wood."

Some years ago a member of a certain London club was standing on the steps of the club-house. A man stopped and asked, "Does a gentleman belong to your club with one eye named Walker?" "I don't know," was the reply. "What was the name of his other eye?"

The father did not speak with clearness when he exhibited a fiddle made by his son, and said: "He made it out of his head, and has wood enough left to make another one."

We occasionally read in the papers about "terra cotta ladies' gloves," "woolen children's mitts," etc.; or that "a snake was killed by a boy twelve feet long;" or that a thrifty housewife "washes and irons herself every week;" or that "a man wants a boy to drive a horse who lives with his parents."

Polly as a Reformer.

Last summer there was a parrot on Third avenue that used to stay out of doors the greater part of the day. In the next house was a scolding woman. She used to scold every minute, either the husband or the children, or the cat, and soon the parrot began to mimic her. Between the two the neighbors nearly went distracted. But pretty soon the woman stopped. She could hear the parrot mocking her. Cries of "Stop your noise," "Shut up, sir!" "I'll strap you," made the air vocal, but as soon as Polly found out that she was having the fun all to herself she stopped, too. Now, not a word of scolding is heard in the Third street house, and Polly sings and whistles her old-time ditties. She is looked upon as an apostle of peace by the neighbors.

Rob Roy's Grave.

A recent visitor to the last resting place of Rob Roy, writes:

"I have just visited the old kirkyard at Balquhidder. I had on this and on a previous occasion to send to the village to get a person to point out the graves of Rob Roy and his wife Helen. English friends were with me on both occasions, and their remarks on the neglected condition of the graves brought the blush to my face. It is almost impossible to decipher the few words on one of the stones which would indicate that one stood on such an interesting spot. Surely the Glasgow folks might do something to improve the condition of the MacGregor's grave."

The Outraged Editor.

He my sanctum penetrated, and I looked up in surprise
From the proofs I was correcting, and he caught my angry eyes.
His appearance was against him, as he stood before the fire.
Of convivial complexion and irregular attire.
I insinuated, mildly, that I hadn't room for brave,
And that nothing was more precious than the time of editors.
Then he grimly smiled and nodded, with his head on an incline,
Asking if, 'mongst my contributors, was Imogene Vantyne.
I was startled; yes, and I'll confess that something like a blush
Came o'er my editorial cheek; and why my blood should rush
In such a way unusual, was this: that Imogene
Had been making an impression, though her face I'd never seen.
For her poems were peculiar, and with passion were full charged;
And on reading them I'd found my little heart was much enlarged;
So, in one ecstatic moment, but about a week before,
I had written her and had told her that I loved her—yes, and more.
Then my visitor continued: that my checks were fair enough,
But this writer cared for business and not loving gush and stuff;
That he thought it wasn't proper, and he hoped that I'd agree
To but raise the price of articles and let love matters be.
"Ah! then you must be her father, sir," I gasped, with loving rife;
"Pray, then, say that I may visit her and woo her for my wife!"
How he laughed, as loud he shouted, "Why, she is no charming elf!
I just chose that for my *nom de plume*. I'm 'Imogene' myself!"—*Judge.*

Labouchere Talks.

Mr. Henry Labouchere has also been making confession to an interviewer, and has told him, among other things, about a certain juvenile escapade at Eton. "I have a vivid recollection," he says, "of a day when, happening to have more money than I knew what to do with, I determined to do the 'big toff.' I sallied forth to the largest hotel in Eton, engaged a private room, and ordered the waiter in most lordly tones to bring me a bowl of punch. The discreet functionary stared, but brought it; it was then my turn to stare and wonder what on earth I should do with the huge bowl full of a fluid the very odor of which made me feel faint. At length, my eye resting upon a good old-fashioned cupboard of antique oak, a brilliant idea struck me. I opened the door and poured the whole of the punch into the basement of the cupboard. Then, after waiting a few minutes to see whether the obnoxious liquor would make inroads upon the carpet, the pattern of which was that of golden crowns on a royal blue ground, I rang the bell again, and, on the waiter appearing, in still more authoritative tones I ordered another bowl. Never shall I forget the expression of horrified amazement which came over the man's countenance. The second potation went the way of the first—that is to say, into the cupboard; and Alexander the Great, after his victory over Darius, could not have felt prouder than I did when I called for the bill, disbursed half a sovereign for the punch, ten shillings more for the private parlor, tipped the waiter, and swaggered into the street, fully persuaded that the eyes of the whole inn were upon me, which, in my exultant state of mind, were tantamount to those of all Europe. I never went there again."

Enough for the Lion.

Very Stout Old Lady (watching the lions fed)—"Tears to me, mister, that ain't a very big piece of meat for such an animal.

Attendant (with the great show of politeness on earth)—I s'pose it does seem like a small piece of meat to you, ma'am, but it's enough for the lion.

Not an Agnostic.

Lawyer—Will your honor put the usual question to the witness as to his religious belief?

Judge—Witness, do you believe in the existence of a supreme being that controls the affairs of men?

Witness—Yawoh! Shudge, dot vas my wife Katrina. Dot voman vas der boss!

Nothing to Offer.

Managing editor—"You're pretty young, Mr. Dobler, but as our criminal reporter has just left us I'm willing to give you a trial in his place."

Applicant (haughtily)—"Excuse me, but I'm not inclined to look favorably upon such an offer, sir. My line of writing has been quite above work of that kind."

Managing editor—"Indeed! What line of writing has yours been, Mr. Dobler?"

Applicant (proudly)—"I have edited our College of Journalism paper for the last two years, sir."

Managing editor—"Ah, I see; but I'm sorry that I've nothing at present to offer you commensurate with your ability and experience, Mr. Dobler, as both our janitor and his assistant are giving entire satisfaction."

A Long Look Ahead.

Eggley Monade (before marriage)—Let me carry it, love; it's heavy for you. Let this be my task.

And some people will think that he didn't carry it after marriage. But he did—noble soul!—*Puck.*

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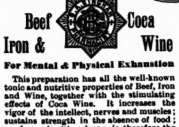

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Social Clubs.

Toronto is now somewhat better supplied with social clubs—both of a partly political cast and of an entirely non-partisan character, than was the case some years since. But there is yet room for very considerable development in this direction when we bear in mind the continually increasing number of young single men who make this city their home. Having few friends they are largely thrown upon their own resources for amusement or relaxation during their leisure time. Coming from localities where they often enjoyed the advantage of a wide circle of relatives or acquaintances whose doors were always open to them the isolation of a great city is all the more depressing. There are exceptional young men with a turn for study and purely intellectual or religious pursuits who do not suffer from the need of congenial society, but to the most in their position the experience is not only depressing but dangerous. The lack of some cheerful resort and innocent occupation has been the ruin of many who, in this situation, have succumbed to vicious allurements that otherwise they would have resisted. The multiplication of clubs of a character to meet the social needs of the young men who form so large an element of the city's population would be an excellent thing. Many good people, we are aware, look with no favorable eye upon club life, and are disposed to class these institutions among the demoralizing influences to which young men in cities are subjected. This is a mistaken view. Nine-tenths of those who become members of clubs would be likely to frequent worse places were these resorts not open to them. A well-conducted club, where young men and others can meet to enjoy social intercourse, read the newspapers and engage in various amusements, is rather a safeguard than a danger. It enables them to occupy time which would otherwise be worse spent. Those who are prone to dissipation are never likely to lack opportunities for it, and they are far more likely to fall into bad habits outside of a club than owing to its associations.

The Art of Hospitality.

An accomplishment worthy of more serious study than it commonly receives is the art of entertaining company. To be a thoroughly successful host or hostess demands much more than the means to support a fine establishment or supply an elaborate banquet. It requires infinite tact, good breeding and management. It is no small matter to be able to put a houseful of guests perfectly at their ease, to extend to each a friendly reception and sustain the flow of conversation without touching upon a topic that may offend any. No one must be slighted or placed in an embarrassing position. The susceptibilities, whims and prejudices of each must be considered and humored. And all show of ostentation or patronage must be scrupulously avoided. Nothing is more distressing at a social gathering than the obvious agonies of a fussy, bustling superserviceable hostess, who in her extreme anxiety to see the affair go off well, entirely overdoes her part, addressing her guests in the language of exaggerated compliment, pressing them to eat or drink after their wants have been abundantly satisfied, and by her whole demeanor indicating that she is going through a painful ordeal. Too much effusiveness and parade of hospitality is almost as great a defect as the other extreme of frigidity and reserve. To be gracious and kindly without being over demonstrative, should be the study of all who entertain. It is not the pleasures of the table or the magnificence of the surroundings that give zest to social gatherings so much as the ease and spontaneity of converse, the feeling of being perfectly welcome and at home, and this is only to be attained when the entertainer has the faculty of hospitality well developed. What injudicious and unhappy remarks the best of people, if devoid of tact, sometimes make on such occasions—which, as the darkey said when the elder sermonized on chicken-stealing, "throw sech a coldness over de meeting." Such was the hostess immortalized by Charles Lamb, who, in pressing the poor relation to have a little more pudding, thoughtlessly added, "for you don't have pudding every day, you know." As a striking contrast and an illustration of the ideal host let us recall the delicacy and true gentlemanly feeling of the giver of a dinner party who, when a raw and inexperienced young fellow put a piece of ice into his soup, instantly did the same, as though it were a matter of course, and thereby spared his guest the agonies of mortification he would have experienced had he realized his *faux pas*. That man was indeed a master of the art of hospitality.

He Admitted She Was Right.

He was seated across the room.

"George," she said, "if a fire were suddenly to break out in the house what would be your first impulse, do you think?"

"Well, my first thought would be for you, of course. I would get you to a place of safety, and then do what I could to extinguish the flames."

"That would be very nice of you, George, to think of me first; but if a fire were to break out now, for instance, wouldn't you lose valuable time in reaching me from away across the room?"

"I don't know but what I would," said George, as he changed his seat.

MUSIC

The American Opera Company gave us some good performances last week, although their excellence was not by any means the same in all instances, those of Lucia and Un Ballo being far superior to those of Maritana and Fra Diavolo. The greater musical value of the first named operas of course contributed to this result, although the superiority of the soloists in the cast of the greater works had more to do with it. Aleda Varena was pleasing as Maritana, but while her execution was very correct and fluent, her lower notes at times showed uncertainty and weakness. Mme. Ida Klein seemed to have sung her voice away before she reached Toronto, and as Zerlina in Fra Diavolo, she attracted more attention by her uncouth gestures and by the curious widdling of her thumbs than by her singing. Poor old Castle, who has been a great tenor in his day, still shows signs of the warhorse, and gave a really fine impersonation of Don Cæsar.

Miss Lizzie McNichol is a most promising little contralto, and when she knows the purpose in life of her teeth, *i.e.*, for mastication and not for checking the flow of tone, her voice will show up as one of the finest and fullest on the stage of English opera in America. When to this improvement shall have been added that of greater histrionic experience, she will have a fine future before her. The singing of Messrs. Knight and Guise was very fair. They both have fine voices, and their singing is very pleasing, though both need greater concentration of tone, too much looseness being observable in this regard. They might well copy Mr. Alonzo Stoddard, whose fine, firm tone was thoroughly round and solid, in spite of a severe cold. His singing in both Lucia and Un Ballo was excellent, and his acting in the last act of the latter was superb. By the way, what a lovely opera Un Ballo is! I believe this was its first appearance in Toronto, and I hope that we shall soon hear it again, as its beauties are so many that a second and a third hearing would only add to our appreciation of them.

The star of the company was undoubtedly Mme. Louise Natali, whose Lucia was a genuine surprise. On leaving the house I heard only words of praise and enthusiastic admiration. She has a clear, brilliant voice, and a thoroughly facile execution, the difficult florid music of the part being sung with great ease and absolute certainty. Similar excellence attended her singing in Un Ballo. Her acting was very good, and she has the most brilliant prospects before her. Charles Bassett has improved as an actor, but the work of the season is showing in his voice, which was never very strong and which is becoming thin. His Edgar was very well done, but I preferred his Riccardo in Un Ballo, in the last scene of which he outdid himself. Franz Vetta is another stronghold of the company, and his fine voice is gaining in richness and power. It showed to great advantage in Lucia, but in Fra Diavolo his make-up and drollery as one of the bandits were simply irresistible. Seldom have we seen better comedy than was displayed by him and Mr. Knight in this opera. Miss Clara Poole was heard only once, in Un Ballo, and her rich contralto showed itself as fine as ever. The orchestra was very good, and the conducting of Mr. Hinrichs was as careful and efficient as ever, and the chorus was of equal excellence.

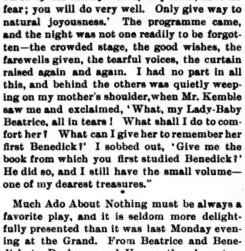
Albani has come and will be here again on Monday. She had a splendid house on the 11th and she well deserved it. Her support was good, and while many seemed to think that it was slightly disappointing, it must be borne in mind that to shine with equal radiance beside Albani one must shine indeed. Mr. Barrington Foote is one of the most satisfactory baritones who has ever been heard in Toronto, his fine, clear voice being used with such consummate skill that all appearance of effort is avoided. His enunciation is beautifully distinct, an excellence which is also shared by Miss Dalman. His singing of Nazareth was extremely impressive, and his Vicar of Bray, a good old English song, was rendered with a due appreciation of its humorous points. In the closing run of the Drinking Song, extending through two octaves, he fairly brought down the house. Miss Dalman is a tall and gracefully young lady, whose full and rich contralto voice gave a splendid rendering of Nobil Signor from Les Huguenots, and afterwards told a pathetic tale in Cowen's song, The Angel Carrol. The pathos of her story and her admirable artistic rendering of this song caused her recall which she answered by singing the Garden of Sleep.

But it was when Mme. Albani entered that the enthusiasm of the splendid audience broke out, and it was some minutes before she could commence her aria. When her voice was heard, the charm of her personal appearance and manner was at once intensified, and when after the recitative the beautiful cantabile of the Fors e Lui rippled out, breathless attention was given to the matchless voice. The great charm of her singing is the richness yet smoothness of the voice, and its clearness and brilliancy under all conditions, whether she be singing *fortissimo* or *pianissimo*. When to this is added the tremendous executive facility she displays, the analysis of her power is complete, but who—when he hears her—thinks of making a quantitative analysis of the marvellous performance? We are delighted, and we may reason it out, or try to reason it out, but in the end we are simply delighted. Her singing of the Lohengrin number possessed equal excellence, and in the Bird Song from Il Penseroso, she gave us a wonderful concertanto with the flute. Her voice is nowise impaired, what it has lost in light and airy grace, perhaps, being abundantly compensated for by its splendid maturity. In a chat I had the pleasure of having with her on Sunday afternoon, she said, "I never think of the size of the room or the management of my voice in that respect; I have enough other things to occupy my mind. Not that I am nervous, by any means, but I am simply thoughtful to sing my music properly and correctly, and as soon as I begin, my heart and enthusiasm control me, and I feel my song. That feeling provides the expression, not a mechanical adjustment of dynamic force to a mathematical measurement of walls."

In the Bird Song, Mme. Albani was assisted by Mr. Barrett, a flautist of great parts, whose obligato and solo number were beautifully played. The tenor, Signor Massimi, has a light and not unpleasant voice, but uses it with a strained effect, which becomes monotonous. (If anyone wants to know how much Mr. Ludwig Corell resembles Mr. A. R. Blackburn, organist of Holy Trinity, let him go next Monday and see Signor Massimi. He is the connecting link.) The pleasure of the evening was much enhanced by the clever accompaniments by Signor Bevignani.

Bells that are Pealing (in F or A flat), vocal duett by Gounod, English version by Z. Nella; Never Laugh at Love (in E minor), song by Mike Beverly, music by Theo Marzeals; Mona, (E flat), song by F. E. Weatherly, music by Stephen Adams; A Summer Night in Munich, waltz by Alfred Cellier (composer of Dorothy), have been placed on my desk by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association.

METRONOME.



When listening on Monday night to Rhea's clever impersonation of Beatrice, I could not help remembering the pretty anecdote Helen Faucit relates of Charles Kemble. The great actor was giving a "farewell" to his admiring friends at the scene of his triumphs—Covent Garden—and selected Helen Faucit, then comparatively unknown, to play Beatrice to his Benedick. "I was naturally nervous about the part," she says, "and was only partially reassured by his kindly words, 'My child, have no fear; you will do very well. Only give way to natural joyousness.' The programme came, and the night was not one readily to be forgotten—the crowded stage, the good wishes, the farewells given, the tearful voices, the curtain raised again and again. I had no part in all this, and behind the others was quietly weeping on my mother's shoulder, when Mr. Kemble saw me and exclaimed, 'What, my Lady Baby Beatrice, all in tears! What shall I do to comfort her? What can I give her to remember her first Benedick?' I sobbed out, 'Give me the book from which you first studied Benedick!' He did so, and I still have the small volume—one of my dearest treasures."

Much Ado About Nothing must be always a favorite play, and it is seldom more delightfully presented than it was last Monday evening at the Grand. From Beatrice and Benedick to Dogberry and Verges the characters were admirably sustained, a single exception being perhaps Don John. The mild-featured youth who took this thankless part was not in the least of the traditional villain style, and made up to anything but "the tartly-looking gentleman" who gives Beatrice "a heart-burn an hour after seeing him." Mr. Powers, as Don John, made a laudable effort to live up to this reputation, and succeeded in looking rather agreeable than otherwise. He evidently labored under the delusion that noise was strength and shouting passion; he certainly could be heard without any difficulty.

Truly it is a merry company that smiles upon us in the first act! Pretty stately Hero, with her loving admiration of dear Lady Disdain; the gallant Claudio, the boyish, mirth-loving Prince, with his witty companion Benedick; noble old Leonata and his niece, the pleasant-spirited Beatrice, and the saucy waiting maids. Even the gloomy Don John and his equally harmless-looking satellites seem to share in the mirth and gayety of the scene. All is fair and bright in Leonata's mansion.

Oh the dresses! I were a little less than woman, a little more than earthly, if the rich plushes, the shining satins, the gay headgear and the bright apparel did not delight me more than I can describe. Mdlle. Rhea's costumes are world-wide in their fame and those of her troup were no less beautiful. The fashionable shades of to-day were charmingly blended in the quaint mediæval devices so well known to modern modistes. The old-time doublets and hose, the old-world puffs, the cap with its flaring plume, the chevalier sword, the quaint shoes, the silk lacings, the prettily contrasted robes, all carry us back to the bright pageantry of the sixteenth century. The age of chivalry is not gone (Mr. Burke was not a theater-goer) so long as we can spend an evening with these gayly dressed knights and ladies in all the richness of their quaint mediæval costumes, and who speak with gentle "prithee friend," and "sweet my lady."

I know I should have felt more interest in Beatrice and Benedick, but I couldn't help following Hero's fortunes and being glad or sorry just as she was gay or sad. Miss Waterman was an ideal Hero, fair, gentle, sweet and never showed to more advantage than when wrongfully accused. Her lover is young, handsome, impetuous, a fit Claudio to such a Hero. A susceptible young lady near me lost her heart to the Prince, and in vainly groping amid the darkness and confusion of her metaphors to convey this fact, said "He is like everything beautiful, a dream to be loved." Her escort's unfeeling reply, "just so," does not detract from the poetry of this remark. It is when overhearing something of this sort that we feel the bitter justice of George Eliot's remark of society literary women: "Take a woman's head, stuff it with a smattering of philosophy and literature chopped small, and with false notions of society baked hard, hang it over a desk a few hours each day and serve it up hot in feeble English when not required."

Rhea is too familiar an artist to require introduction or need my praise. I suppose it is heresy to say it, but I thought her voice a trifle too ponderous for a piquant, saucy Beatrice. She looks and gestures the part to perfection. "Disdain and scorn rode sparkling in her eyes," and in her merry encounters of wit with Benedick, a more delightful piece of acting would be hard to find.

I had been reading somewhere the other day, that as an English nation we over-rated ourselves. The French non-appreciation of Shakespeare was cited as an example. As a nation they are acute, intelligent and critical. Yet they bestow, even now, little of that exaggerated praise we do on him. Therefore it was argued we over-rate him. That night two Frenchmen came into the Grand, and I thought I saw a beautiful opportunity of finding out their national sentiment for myself. They remained for one act and then left. I felt quite satisfied that Matthew Arnold was right. The French did not appreciate our gentle Willy. There is a sequel however. During the second act they came back and the delicately suggestive aroma, so disagreeable to feminine senses, proclaimed the sad but indisputable fact that they did not leave out of disgust, but I have lost faith in Frenchmen as critics.

I was moved almost to tears by the pathetic entreaties of the gods to their bonnie to come back, come back! A girl near me did weep, but as I afterwards learned, she was musical. At one time during the evening, these celestial beings evinced a decided inclination to hear a speech from Mdlle. Rhea. They paid their usual attention to the headgear of the audience, but as a noise making factor were distinctly a failure. The audience generally were not enthusiastic. Only once did they lose their dignified calm, when Beatrice and Benedick fairly carried them beyond themselves. For the rest of the time they were polite, but not rapturous. I must say a word of Benedick and Dogberry. Mr. Harris is one of the cleverest young actors it has been my lot to see. He is all mirth wherever he appears, as a gallant soldier resolved to live a bachelor, a love-sick knight, and finally as the railled-at Benedick the married man. Dogberry and his shadow, "the old man, the good old man," were irresistible.

GRETA.

As the late Artemus Ward used to remark "it was a sublime an' affectin' site." The sight I refer to was a houseful of people—an eager-faced, enthusiastic and highly pleased people—in the Toronto Opera House, watching the performance of what the house bill calls the romantic equestrian drama, The Cattle King. This equestrian drama should equestrianize out of existence as soon as possible—on the soft side of a black ash rail if necessary. It can be truly said of it that it is a rattling bad romantic drama. It is just about as romantic as an attack of jim-jams, and, in fact, the spectator might sometimes imagine he was gazing on a bad case of D. T.'s. The play was written, I believe, by my old friend, the author of Deadwood Dick or the Bride of the Demon's Gulch. There was a time when I thought that man a better writer than the author of Robert Elsmere, but the coyotes have long since battened on his bones, though his works, unfortunately, still live, and are usually read before those of Scott and Dickens and writers of their stamp. Such plays as the Cattle King, poorly constructed as they are, may have some influence for good, provided they are morally clean. All boys prefer their dime novel period, and, with the exception of a few weak headed ones, suffer no serious injury therefrom. They usually acquire a taste for something better in literature, and are gradually led on till they can get no better. So, I believe, it is with the show, and many who enjoyed the Cattle King this week may ultimately struggle with Shakespeare and perhaps appreciate him. Jas. H. Wallick evidently believes, like Burns, that "it is better to be at the head of the commonality than at the tail of the gentry," or he would not go starring with a barnstorming company. To say that he is at the head in his own company is not saying much for him. The elocution of Miss Fox with its rising and falling cadence, reminded me irresistibly of the twang of a wayback deacon giving out the hymn for singing. The funny man, Mr. Sully, makes but a sorry Irishman, but when it came to shaking his brogans he made himself solid with his audience to the extent of a treble encore. After all, what is art? Art is long, and time is fleeting, and why shouldn't people try to keep the funeral drums from being too monotonously audible?

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Lillian Conway, the actress, is prostrated with acute rheumatism in St. Vincent's Hospital, New York.

Nadjy, the comic opera which succeeded Erminie at the Casino, New York, has attained to its hundred and seventy-fifth performance and is still booming.

Rosina Vokes, as the heroine of her new comedy Ghastly Manor, dies first *a la* Sara Bernhardt in the Sphinx, then as Davenport in Fedora, with the "roll of the sofa" accompaniment, and finally as Mrs. Langtry in As in a Looking Glass by the aid of a trick chair.

Lawrence Barrett has engaged Mme. Modjeska to support Edwin Booth next season, paying to the Philadelphia managers, who were to star that actress it is said, $13,000 for her release. Mme. Modjeska will be featured and will open with Mr. Booth in New York at the Broadway Theater next October, most probably in Macbeth, which will be given the finest production it has ever had in that city. Mr. Barrett has secured sixteen weeks at the Broadway Theater. The first four weeks will be devoted to Booth and Modjeska, then Mr. Barrett will come in with his new play of Ganelon by Wm. Young of Chicago, and then the final weeks will be devoted to Booth, Barrett and Modjeska.

He that would live clear of envy must lay his finger on his mouth and keep his hand out of the ink pot.

Parted.

For Saturday Night.

"My spirit holds you, dear,
Though worlds away"—
This to their absent ones
Many can say.

"Thoughts, fancies, hopes, desires—
All must be yours;
Sweetest my memories still
Of our past hours."

I can say more than this
Now, lover mine—
Here can I feel your kiss
Warmer than wine.

Feel your arms fold me,
Know your quick breath
That aye my soul would stir
Even in death.

'Tis not a memory, love.
Thoughts of the past,
Fleeting remembrances
Which may not last.

But, as I shut my eyes,
Know I the sign
That you are here, yourself—
Bodily, mine!

So, love, I cannot say
My spirit flies
Over the widening seas,
Under dull skies

To where your spirit is.
Though I may know
Seas part us, earth divides,
It is not so

Here to me, now, for you
Lean on my heart.
Who says that you and I
Can ever part?

NEWCASTLE, N. B. SOPHIE M. ALMON.

Dreaming.

For Saturday Night.

Dreamer, cease from vainly musing,
Gird thee to Life's sturdy fight,
Shrink not from the task of choosing
Right from wrong and wrong from right.

When a friend has loved thee well,
Stand by him through every test,
Life's experience, this should tell,
Love's first conquest is its best.

Dream no future grandly high,
Grandeur is in little things,
Angels looked for in the sky
Walk the earth with folded wings.

Do some little good each hour,
Hope that it may greater be,
One small dew-drop on a flower
Shames a thousand in the sea.

Dreamer, life has thorny ways,
Faint not in its sunshine, grim,
Bravely fight! nor look for praise
Till the toilsome work is done.

STRATHROY, ONT. ST. CLAIR.

The Normalite.

St. John's Progress.

Across the desert Calculus
We hunt the hapless How,
And 'neath the sombre shades of Thus
We pounce upon the Now.

We clamber up the hill of Time,
To glean the mossy When;
The slippery Wayback tree we climb
To rob the nest of Then.

Deep down in caverns of the Why
We trace the Wherefore worm;
We love to catch the Ergo fly
And watch the Which-bug squirm.

Along the garden fence of Yet,
The squirrel If we chase,
And through the copses of Forget
The trail of Truth we trace.

Amid the woful waste of Was,
We scan the icy Is,
And o'er the billows of Because,
We sail in search of Viz.

The nimble Minus and the Plus,
The square and cubic root,
Armed with a mental blunderbuss
We run to earth and shoot.

For But and Though, and While and So,
Vile insects every one,
With analytic broom we go
And mash them on the run.

Lit by the glimmering torch of Might
We shudder at the Should,
And on the awful brink of Might
We angle for the Could.

At times the holy hush of Hence
Our throbbing senses calm,
And equinoctial gales of Whence
Give place to placid Am.

Wherefore, Wherein and Thus and Such
Whereas, Whereat, Whereto,
Whereon, Wherever, Inasmuch,
Moreover, But, Also.

But Ah, scarce e'er the Mullen-bush
Of Brittain pass we through,
Tean from the hardshell Creed we rush
To Father Bellivsu.

BELSAR.

The Girl That I Love.

I.

My own, my dearie,
My sweet little peri,
I'll never grow weary
Of her that I love.

II.

So bright and so airy,
So much like a fairy,
Oh, yes, I am chary
Of her that I love.

III.

Then tip the gold chalice,
And drink without malice
To my winsome Alice,
The girl that I love.

IV.

The fairest, the sweetest
The dearest, the neatest,
The beauty completest—
The girl that I love!

ABRAM LEVI SMITH.

Noted People.

Queen Victoria, while residing at Biarritz will occupy the villa of Count Gaston de la Rochefoucauld. Her Majesty, it is said, will be accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Prince Henry of Battenberg, Lady Churchill, the Hon. Miss Phipps, Sir Henry Ponsonby and others.

Count Arco Valley, the German ambassador at Washington, can be frequently seen lunching at Delmonico's, eating omelette with a knife, his nose buried in his plate, and a huge mug of beer beside him. The noticeable virtue of the count is his single eye-glass and disposition to be mistaken for an Englishman.

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff has great powers of sharp retort, as is evinced by the following story: At a dinner party Lord Randolph Churchill is reported to have said, "Wolff, if I were asked to write your epitaph, I would put it thus: 'He told stories and made curries.'" To which Sir Henry replied: "Under the same circumstances, I fear I could be only half as complimentary."

A paragraph has been going the rounds lately, stating that Mark Twain lived in a state of constant misery, on account of a superstitious fear that he was suddenly going to be deprived of all his wealth. In proof of this it was alleged that he cried like a child when his old cow recently died. Mark now rises to deny the allegation and says he never owned an old cow, but buys directly from a milk can at six cents per quart.

President Cleveland and his charming wife are going to live in New York. Apartments have been taken by them in The Gerlach, the imposing ten-story, hotel-like building recently erected on the north side of 27th street, between Broadway and Sixth avenue, and thither they will remove from the White House. It is apparent from the selection that while Mr. Cleveland will not attempt to continue the social high pressure which official life at the Capital involved, he proposes to be comfortably not to say luxuriously, housed, and to enjoy life tranquilly, while Mrs. Cleveland will be thus relieved from the cares of housekeeping and the multifarious trials which go with the usual complement of servants.

Undoubtedly the English journalist best known in America to-day, is Mr. W. T. Stead, the managing editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. As a journalistic worker, Mr. Stead has seldom had an equal, and recently, when offered a vacation he took it on the condition that he might work! A man of his active habits could not be idle. The vacation became a trip to Russia, the result of which is to be published in a stout volume. While the political situation is the burning question of the book, he had time to visit Count Tolstoi, the most talked about man in Russia, not even excepting the Czar, and to give the readers pictures of Russian life, painted with a realism that M. Verestchagin might envy.

Octave Feuillet showed some years ago, in *La Morte*, the fatal influence of the modern view of life on woman. Ohnet has treated the same subject in an entirely different way. Like Feuillet, he demonstrates that a faith to cling to, a religion to turn to in hours of temptation, a God to appeal to in days of darkness and pain, are the only safeguards of woman's purity and happiness. He demonstrates that woman, whose life is love, can not live by the intellect alone; that her heart craves for affection in Heaven as on earth, and that the attempt to emancipate her, to separate her from the creed which ennobled her and called forth her purest aspirations, brings only despair and shame.

An English correspondent gossiping about Mr. Gladstone's life in Italy tells the following anecdote, which shows that all reverence for the great statesman is not confined to Britons: "Sitting exactly behind him (the G. O. M.) in church, I saw a grey hair tumble on to the collar of his overcoat. Hearing once how a lemon squeezed by the Prince of Wales instantly became of immortal value it occurred to me that a hundred years hence this short iron-grey hair might likewise attain distinction, so I carefully plucked it off and held it between my thumb and finger. The next thing was to bring it home and preserve it, but on those way I—not lost it—but sold it! Meeting an Italian deputy of high position I showed him my trophy; he got tremendously excited, seized my hair (the grey one), threw me a five-franc piece, and bolted!"

Here is a list of a few of the gentlemen who think that they have some claim to act as head of the French nation. It is a startling one:

Sadi Carnot, actual President.
Ernest Boulanger.
The Comte de Paris.
Don Carlos or his son,
Don Jaime.
Prince Napoleon, or his son,
Prince Victor.
M. Hebert.
M. Naundorf.

Heberl is great-grandson of a man who in 1831 set himself up as the legitimate son of Louis XVI., and who assumed the title of Charles XVII. Naundorf is the descendant of a watchmaker, who also set himself up as the legitimate son of Louis XVI., and who assumed the title of Louis XVII. The legitimate son of Louis XVI. was the young prince who is generally supposed by sober historians to have died in the Temple. Six Pretenders are enough for the most ambitious country.

William K. Vanderbilt is ready for another long pleasure cruise in his palatial yacht Aloa. His plan is to begin with a cruise among the West India Islands, then steam across the Atlantic and wind up on the other side with a sort of picnic trip along the Mediterranean shores. He expects to have a merry time and to be back in New York in three or four months. A writer on money matters in the *Sun* lately made a plausible argument to show that a rich man's son, who spends his money for pleasure, is really entitled to as much credit as one who devotes himself to business with a view to increasing his store. If this be true Mr. Vanderbilt is performing as high a duty in making pleasure for himself and friends as his elder brother, Cornelius, in attending to business and adding to the family millions. He certainly goes in for all the pleasure he can get, and he likes his friends to enjoy it with him, for, of course, no man, no matter how many his millions are, can have a good time all by himself. William K. Vanderbilt seems to monopolize all the family taste for fun. The other members are quiet and rather retiring in their habits and indulge in amusements only so far as their social position demands. Possibly the writer in the *Sun* is right after all—that it is as creditable to spend money as to make it.

On St. Valentine's Day.

Oh, what has the postman who whistles so gay
For me on the morn of St. Valentine's Day?
A square of pink satin with fringes of white,
And Cupids in roses half buried from sight,
From the millionaire banker, I know by his hand;
He will learn that my heart is not his to command.
Here is one from De Lancey, the vain, silly beau!
And others, but none from young Edward, I know.

Yet last night, when he circled my waist with his arm
And we floated and whirled to the music's wild charm,
His eloquent eyes held my spirit entranced,
Looking love—fondest love—into mine as we danced.
And later he begged for a flower from my hair,
But men are so fickle, and why should I care?
These lace-paper Cupids are not to my taste,
Ah! here is a note overlooked in my haste.

No tinted envelope with dainty designs
Or round rosy cherubs and delicate vines
Is this, and I wonder from whom it can be!
But I'll open the mysterious missive and see:
"My darling, I send you no diamond-tipped dart,
But the passionate love of a true, tender heart
That beats but to worship your beauty divine,
Will you take it, my sweet, for your own valentine?"

Oh, dear little letter, lie close on my breast!
You are signed with the name of the man I love best.
I'll forego all the glitter of fashion and pride
To dwell in an ivy-clad cot at his side.
No gifts can be give me of rubies and pearls,
Nor of gold, save the gold of his own silken curls,
But all my fair sisters, I charge you to pray
For a letter like mine on St. Valentine's Day!

The Canadian Literary Bureau, authors' and publishers' agents, reads manuscripts, revises and advises. Prospectus on application. Room 7, Romaine buildings, King street west.

Mr. Snyffe Hears Albani.

On Monday night everyone in the city, of wealth, taste and refinement, went to hear Madame Albani. As I am anxious to be considered in easy circumstances by those to whom I owe, or am endeavoring to owe, money, and as I am in the habit of missing no opportunities of proving to the general public that my taste and refinement are new and stylish, I engaged as prominent a seat as could be procured with the money which had been set apart to pay last August's butcher bill. I always feel proud to be in distinguished company, but am not invariably comfortable. Little things sometimes affect our happiness and demeanor, even in the presence of Society and a great *diva* (pronounced deevah, or thereabouts). My last Monday night's sorrow was an ill-fitting and malicious shirt, the bosom of which from an unfamiliar exposure to the night air grew reckless, and endeavored to coax the balance of the garment to come out and see the sights. Funny, isn't it, that when one wants to look pretty, at the last fatal moment the irony of fate causes the selection of the meanest shirt in the pack, the unprincipled character of which is not discovered until it is too late to go out and buy a new one? However, both sleeves came split early in the evening and across the shoulders, and if it hadn't been that the cuffs retired into obscurity with a pair of very handsome cuff-buttons, on which I had implicitly relied for general effect, I would have been fairly happy. It is confoundedly discouraging to have the carefully laundried evidence of the presence of shirt sleeves abandon their position in the critical moment when one is languidly holding up an opera glass. A *decollete* wrist, projecting five or six inches from a cuffless sleeve, is too noticeable to be in good taste in a man; and, what is worse still, if an over-zealous undershirt hurries down to supply the demand, that haughty indifference to surroundings, *ennui* and repose of manner which should characterize the best of families at once becomes impossible.

Being something of a singer myself, I felt considerable anxiety to hear Madame Albani and compare our voices. Though some of those who have heard me sing may think I am depreciating myself, I am free to confess that in several respects she sings better than I do. For instance, if I tried to get off as high a note as she does I'd have to get two endorsers and give a chattel mortgage on the piano. As I see no reason why one great artist should disparage another, I admit that her sostenuto deserves mention; in fact, she has it to a remarkable degree to which are added great flexibility of movement and purity of pitch. In the arpeggio and bravura this was specially noticeable, while in the sonata and pianissimo the crescendo was the finest we have had in anyone who has sung here in public this season. Miss Daimen is tall, a good singer, and has so much volume of tone that she could have filled a hall four times the size of the Pavilion, and even then to those on the back seats her voice would have been as distinct as a sneeze in church. Though I liked her singing, her gown didn't suit me at all; it was too tight, and she had to walk with little short steps, like a Japanese woman. I make this remark in the spirit in which it is meant—that the contour of her figure is shown as plainly as if she had on a wet bathing dress.

Signor Massimi is no doubt a high-priced tenor, but he has to struggle too desperately to be pleasing to me. If he pushed in the tremulo stop once in a while, the change would be refreshing. Mr. Barrington Foote's singing suited me exactly when he confined himself to the language with which I am reasonably familiar. His Vicar of Bray and In The Cellar Cool were triumphs of vocaling.

The above critique was written for the musical column of SATURDAY NIGHT, and I had shown my willingness to let a deserving man have the credit of writing it, by signing Metronome's name to it, but he persists in standing in his own light by refusing to father what the discerning public will readily see is as strong and elevating a criticism as is ever composed by even those eloquent and able jugglers with musical jargon who write the notices for the daily papers.

Angels Ever Bright and Fair was my favorite, and when she sang, "Take, oh take me, to thy care," I wonder they didn't do it, for methinks there is not another such a voice as Albani's outside the heavenly choir. Compared Patti's Home Sweet Home, better than Madame Albani's, but otherwise the sweet, gentle-faced Canadian woman is her superior.

SNYFFE.

'Varsity Chat.

On the evening of Friday, February 22, in the Literary Society, will be discussed Mr. Hunter's motion to turn the society into a court, on occasion, for the trial of offences by anybody against that in undergraduate dignity which Plato might call the idea.

There are two views taken on this subject. One that Mr. Hunter's object in introducing the motion is to supply the members with a subject for discussion over which they may become truly earnest, to provide a relief from the respectable monotony of Tea vs. Coffee and Steam Engine vs. Mules.

Viewed in this light the effort is a commendable one, for without criticizing the wisdom of the general committee, the fault lying with the college council, it is safe to say that a man must have complete command of his passions if he would grow excited over the ordinary subject. So far so good.

But if the other view be correct, viz.—that the motion is brought forward seriously, with the intention of forming the court it describes, may it be buried beneath a drift of ballot papers.

It is impossible to discuss the matter here; suffice it to say that many of us regard it as an ill-considered action, which if carried out, will imperil the society's very existence. It is hoped that gentlemen will not, under the influence of drowsy and mystic eloquence, forget their better judgment.

One of the handsome lecturers told me the other day that the lady undergraduates intend having a sleighing party—all by themselves. I would like to know where the co-education comes in there.

The Non-Hazing Union met last Friday afternoon, and after considerable calm and earnest discussion, decided unanimously to quietly disband.

The fact that Mr. Hunter's motion, referred to above, is yet to be discussed, prevents our minds from wandering forward to election times. Meantime there is a great amount of steady, hard work being done—greater, I think, than in any recent year, for much of which the Political Science course is responsible.

Mr. Dale's indisposition continues.

NEMO.

Max O'Rell on Brother Jonathan.

Max O'Rell's new book on America follows in natural sequence to the *brochures* on John Bull and Friend Macdonald, unless it be thought that Patrick and even Taffy had priority claim upon the attention of the *raconteur*. In dealing with Brother Jonathan, however, Max O'Rell has evidently been in a merciful mood. His facetiæ for persiflage has been placed at a disadvantage. His severe satire upon John Bull's foibles and failings was the result of many years' residence; while his impressions of America—to use the stock phrase—were derived from a six months' trip. As Max O'Rell himself puts it, "If there is a country in the world that it would be impossible to judge in six months, that country is America;" and the author who, "in such a little space of time, allowed himself to fall into the error of sitting in judgment upon her would write himself down an ass." Max O'Rell's mission to America was of the mutual benefit order: he lectured on John Bull and studied Brother Jonathan. In consequence of long practice Max O'Rell was able to crowd into his scamper across the continent as many impressions as it would take the ordinary observer years to acquire.

MAX O'RELL.

Patti as a Child.

The following reminiscences of Patti as a child will be found interesting. Patti was eight years old when the accompanying photograph was taken, and even then a personage of some importance, managing to sustain a large family on the money she made by concert giving. Long before she could speak plainly, little Adelina would hum all the airs she had learned at her mother's knee with amazing facility. Nothing delighted her so much as to be company her parents to the theater when they went to fulfil their evening's engagement. Propped up against a wing, she would follow their performance through a hole in the canvas, calmly disposing of apples and sweetmeats, with which the artists liberally supplied her, the while. Well she remembers how on the occasion of an eminent prima-donna making her *debut* at the New York Opera House she ran up to the great lady, who was courtesying after her final aria to the applause of an enthusiastic public, and with the ingenuous impertinence of her five summers exclaimed, "How badly you trill! You rest too long on the second note. Listen to me, and try to do it as I do!"

PATTI AT EIGHT YEARS OLD.

The appearance of Mario and Grisi in New York is another of the prima donna's earliest reminiscences, and she was wont to tell how eagerly she looked forward to the great event, and saved her pocket-money to buy a little bouquet of camellias to present to the Diva of whom she had heard so much; how, when the moment arrived, swelling with pride, she screwed up her courage to offer the posy, shy almost for the first time in her life; how Grisi, tired or impatient, waved away the flowers with the words, "Not just now, little girl!" and how Mario, standing by, caught her in his arms, and, kissing away the tears, promised to keep them forever for her pretty sake.

After the opera was over, the child on returning home would jump out of bed when all was quiet in the house, and by the light of a candle would attire herself in a red cloak of her mother's, and, with her father's sombrero perched on her head would enact the scenes now from Norma, now from Lucia or Sonnambula, clapping her hands and shouting bravas! at her own performance, while showering home-made wreaths and bouquets of newspaper at her feet. At length a crisis came in her parents' affairs, and their finances being at the lowest ebb, the child herself proposed giving a concert, for which tickets at a few cents sold well enough. Mdme. Barilli, as she powdered her child's small brown face, felt no unnatural trepidation; but Adelina herself, nothing daunted, clutched her doll Henriette in her arms, and, strutting on the platform with ineffable importance, curtseyed with her hand on her heart, as she had seen Grisi before her, and then with the most precocious postures imaginable commenced her *casta diva*. Loud laughter and applause greeted the gifted child, and, so sure if not strong was pure and thrilling as a blackbird's, and whose execution of intricate passages was well-nigh phenomenal. From that day Adelina Patti's concerts became the rage of the town.

Beaconsfield as a Poet.

A very interesting glimpse of Lord Beaconsfield is given in connection with his Revolutionary Epic:—

"He read the first canto from the MS. to a few friends assembled at Mrs. Austen's. To them he thus explained its object: 'All great works that have formed an epoch in the history of the human intellect have been an embodification of the spirit of the age. An heroic age produced in the Iliad, an heroic poem; the foundation of the Empire of the Cæsars produced in the Æneid a political poem; the Reformation and its consequences produced in Paradise Lost a religious poem. Since the revolt of America a new principle has been at work in the world, to which I trace all that occurs. This is the Revolutionary principle; and this is what I wish to embody in the Revolutionary Epic; and I imagine the Genius of Feudalism and the Genius of Federation appearing before the Almighty Throne and pleading their respective and antagonistic causes.'"

Standing with his back to the fire, he proceeded in his usual grandiloquent style and with his usual solemn gesture to ask why, as the heroic age had produced its Homer, the Augustan era its Virgil, the Renaissance its Dante, the Reformation its Milton, should not the Revolutionary epoch, in which we live, produce its representative poet? The scene was not one to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. There was something irresistibly comic in the young man dressed in the fantastic, cosmobical costume that he then affected—velvet coat of an original cut thrown wide open, and ruffles to his sleeve, shirt open, turned down in Byronic fashion, an elaborately embroidered waistcoat whence issued voluminous folds of frill, and shoes adorned with red rosettes—his black hair pomatumed and elaborately curled, and his person redolent with perfume—announcing himself as the Homer or Dante of the age! After he had left the room a gentleman who excelled as a mimic, assuming the attitude and voice of the poet, declaimed an impromptu burlesque of the opening lines, which caused infinite merriment to those present.

Anecdote of Webster.

Daniel Webster's eyes, although deep set, were so penetrating that few guilty men could endure their piercing gaze. Honorable Hugh McCulloch, in his Men and Measures of Half a Century Ago, relates this case:—

One of Mr. Webster's clients in a case of considerable importance informed him that he thought a witness on the other side intended to commit perjury.

"Point him out when he comes into the court room," said Mr. Webster.

The witness soon after appeared, and took a seat in a swaggering manner, when, looking toward the bar, his eyes met those of Mr. Webster fixed steadily upon him. He immediately looked in another direction; but, as if fascinated, he soon turned his face again toward Mr. Webster, to meet those deep, penetrating eyes, which doubtless seemed to read his very soul. He moved nervously in his seat for a few moments, then rose and left the court house, to which he could not be induced to return.

From the French.

A dragoons, lightly drunk, was vainly trying to mount his horse, calling loudly on the saints: "Saint John, help me! Saint Peter, assist me! Saint Paul, come to my aid!"

By a mighty effort he bounds clear over his horse, then turning around:

"Gently, gently, my friends," says he, "not all at once!"

His Preference.

Mr. F. Swinelander Pugg (who speaks French)—I don't know what to take for breakfast.

Waiter—Monsieur desirerait peut-etre du jambon avec des oufs?

Mr. F. Swinelander Pugg (who speaks French)—No, I hate that; give me some ham and eggs.

Doing Their Duty.

Theatrical Manager—I'm terribly pinched for money. The chorus is beginning to kick.

Backer—Well, isn't that what they are hired to do?

The Meanest Yet.

Mrs. Hamoneg.—Where's the dinner?

Brigita.—Shure, Ma'am, when I was goin' through the hall wid it, that new boarder pulled a revolver on me, graboed th' chicken, an' he's locked himself in his room!

He Wouldn't Wait.

"I understand there is a man here who wants to lick the terror of Shinhandy," bellowed the bully as he entered the bar-room of a border town.

"Yes; he's just now engaged in a broad-axe duel with two other men in the dark room yonder. Won't you wait?"

"N-n-no; I'm late for supper now."

The Charm Begins To Work.

Edith.—Do you think that Emily Thumpitt is going to make a success of her type-writing?

Maud.—Shouldn't wonder. They say that her employer goes home every day with a very thoughtful and absent-minded air.

Ready to Capitulate.

A certain engineer on a Western railroad met with an accident the other day, in which his engine rolled down an embankment without awakening him, and when she reached the bottom and was about to plow her way up the side of a chalk-pit he yelled out:

"Easy, Sarah, easy; don't use like that agin, and I'll get up and light the fire right away for yer."

The Boys are Getting There.

Wise King Solomon said that there was nothing new under the sun, but he would have changed his mind had he been able to witness a game of baseball by two American clubs under the shadow of the pyramids. Not since the imperial eagles of France were descried athwart the sands of the Nile valley has such a spectacle been presented, and it ought to be enough to send the blood pulsing through the dry veins of the mummies in the tombs of Gizeh. The Pharaohs and Ptolemys have passed away, but the American national game seems to flourish in all lands, and there are no signs that its shadow will ever grow less.

Sweet Words Won the Day.

Algernon (to wife)—My dear, before I go to the theater I must see a friend of mine on important business; you won't mind going alone in the carriage just for once?

Wife—But I do mind, Algy; I might be taken for an actress arriving at the theater without an escort.

Algernon—Oh, you would surely be taken for a star, my love; you are so beautiful!

She went alone.

Another Society Actress.

Wiggins—I hear, Algy, that your old friend Miss Gushy is going on the stage in the part of Juliet.

Baboony—Aw—she ought to act the balcony scene to perfection, me boy. It was always deuced hard to get away from her in the evening.

Conciseness at the Bank.

Depositor—Is the cashier in?

The Janitor—He is, ma'am, fer ten year. Perhaps th' assishtant cashier 'll do, ma'am.

Getting the Best of Him.

Mr. S.—Walter, take the stuff away; I'd just as lief eat so much garbage!

Waiter (who has heard him before)—Yessah. But dar's no 'countin' for tastes, sah.

Memories of Work.

Weary Raggles—Will you kindly give me a drink of water, madame?

Mrs. Hasseed—There's the well; go help yourself.

Weary Raggles—I would prefer you should hand it to me in a goblet, if you please. The memories which the sight of that old oaken bucket awaken would make the draught bitter with my tears.

In a Montreal Drawing-room.

Miss McDonald—Do you darnce the Boston glide, Mr. Lype?

Mr. Lype—N-no. You see New York was the place I ran away from.

Table Forks.

The very earliest table forks to be found are not older than the reign of George the Second. The few early forks of the reign of George the First are three-pronged. The "fiddle pattern" is of nineteenth century use. Before the days of forks, the sewer and basin were used after every course. When forks came in they disappeared. They are now re-introduced in the shape of finger bowls.

A False Accusation.

He—I know I'm not very bwilliant, Miss Mattie, but it's hahdly faiah to call me the missing link, as Miss Mentwell did, do you think?

Miss Mattie—Of course not, Mr. Empte, for you are not missing and haven't been all evening, have you?

He (relieved)—No, I haven't, and I'll just go ovah and tell her so, don't you know.

Thought He Lived on that Kind.

Bad actor (in restaurant)—Waiter, what do you mean by bringing me such eggs? They are absolutely rotten. Waiter (who had seen the actor perform the night before)—I thought that was the kind you always got, sir.

Honor Among Professionals.

First stage robber—What did you git yesterday, Jerry? Second robber—Nothin'. There wasn't nobody in the stage 'cept'n a lawyer, two plumbers and a prima donna, an' professional courtesy wouldn't allow me to touch 'em, of course.

Danny Was Turned Loose.

About midnight the other night a policeman was halted by a woman living around the corner, who informed him that a burglar was trying to effect an entrance by the back door. The officer summoned help and proceeded to the spot. Sure enough, a man was at work at the rear of the house, and while he was trying up a window the officers made a dash and collared him.

"I ain't no burglar," he vigorously protested as he was dragged along.

"Don't let him get away!" shouted the woman from a chamber window, and the officers took good care that he didn't.

Next morning the woman appeared at police headquarters and said:

"I guess Danny has been punished enough, and you may let him go."

"Who's Danny?" asked the sergeant.

"My husband. I warned him to be home by 10 o'clock. He didn't come till midnight. Then I had the doors locked, and while he was trying to get in I had the officers nab him."

Danny was allowed to go, but that jokeful wife got a piece of advice which kept her hair on end for two days.

Their Late Brother-in-law.

A fashionable Austin lady, immediately after the death of her husband, buried his brother. A visitor at the house, noticing the picture of her late husband, asked who it was.

"I-i-i-," she replied hesitatingly, "my deceased brother in-law." "Mine, too," laconically remarked the new husband.

A Truthful Answer.

Mrs. Hayseed—Did ye go to the theater while in the city?

Mr. Hayseed—Once, Marier. I went to see The White Slave of the Fairy Grotto. Cracky, it's fine!

Mrs. Hayseed (innocently)—Is it a new drama?

Mr. Hayseed (evasively)—A nude drama! Oh, no; not quite.

Prison Walls Protected Him.

Missionary (in a prison)—My poor friend, I suppose you regard these walls with hatred, but——

Prisoner—Regard them with hatred! No, indeed, I regard them with gratitude. They are my protection. I am in for bigamy, and both wives are furious.

A Ball Reporter's Terrible Revenge.

"Ha! ha!" he cried, in trembling tones, "she shuns my heart's advances; she leaves me for another man; she smiles, she clings, she dances. I'll have revenge in direst form. I'll blast her young life's pages. I'll mark their lines with crimson gore, and send them down the ages."

And then he rent his full-dress coat; he'd rented it that day; and in his passion wildly swore, and turned in wrath away. "Calm, calm yourself," replied a friend; "don't do so dire a deed. What is the thing you would commit! For mercy's sake, take heed!"

Once more he cried in louder voice, and on the words laid stress: "I'll let her know I am a live reporter for the press. I'll leave her name from off my list; her life shall be a vapor, her dress be lost, her dancing vain; she sha'n't go in the paper."

WITCH HAZEL;

Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET.

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON,

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Brownie's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

CHAPTER XLI.—CONTINUED.

To Hazel these delightful days seemed like a beautiful dream; to be free from care, to be allowed to enjoy life as other girls enjoyed it, was something new and charming. She saw her mother every day, even when she was with Mrs. Stewart, for neither felt that she could do without the other long at a time. Both parents—for it was not very hard to recognize a father in a genial man like Mr. Earlescourt—showered gifts upon her, and testified by every effor, in their power to their delight in this reunion.

Mrs. Stewart expressed considerable surprise when Belle told her of her meeting with Chester Osborn, and the gratifying change in his fortunes. Helena was present at the time, and remarked, in a casual way, that he had called the evening that they were on a visit to the duchess.

"I wonder, Helen, if Mr. Osborn hasn't some special object in view in coming to Brighton," Mrs. Stewart remarked later, when they were alone; "he used to be quite an ardent admirer of yours before we left New York. I think you had better make up your mind to something pretty soon, my dear, for the years are passing, and your opportunities with them."

Mrs. Stewart had begun to understand pretty clearly by this time that Lord Nelson would look elsewhere for a bride, while she had not been able of late to ascertain Helena's feelings with reference to Dr. Morton.

Lord Nelson went to Osterly the day following his rejection by Hazel, with a understanding that he might not return to Brighton until her grace was ready to repair to London for the season.

It had been a great disappointment to her that he could not win Hazel, for every day that he had been with her had revealed something more to love in her.

Mrs. Stewart was nearly ready to return to the metropolis. She had succeeded in securing a house not far from Mr. Earlescourt's residence, where she could be near Marie and the girls could exchange visits whenever they felt inclined to do so.

But before flitting from Crescent Villa she determined to give a brilliant reception.

Invitations were at once issued, and preparations instituted to make it the most elaborate affair of the season. It was also to be the occasion of Hazel's first introduction to society, as the daughter of Mrs. Earlescourt, and consequently it was anticipated with great interest by the three girls.

Mrs. Earlescourt resolved that Hazel should make an appearance worthy of her future position, and so, one afternoon, she took her two daughters to London on a shopping expedition for that purpose.

To Hazel it was an experience of rare enjoyment, and her very first, also, in being able to gratify her exquisite taste to the utmost.

She both amused and touched her mother by her careful regard for the cost of things.

"This is perfectly lovely, and I like it very much; but it is very expensive, is it not, mamma?" she said, while examining a beautiful pattern of lace wrought with pearls, which Mrs. Earlescourt had suggested as suitable for Mrs. Stewart's reception.

"That does not signify, dear; you are to have whatever you like, regardless of expense—for this time at least," her mother replied, happy that it was in her power to bestow such beautiful things upon her.

When the evening of Mrs. Stewart's reception arrived there was no one present who was more lovely than Hazel.

Over a cream-white silk she wore an overdress of the lace embroidered with pearls. Her golden hair was arranged high upon her pretty head, and surmounted by an aigrette of pearls; her beautiful neck and round, white arms were covered but not concealed by the embroidered lace, which was fastened at her throat and wrists by necklace and bracelets of pearls in an exquisite design—the gift of Mr. Earlescourt, while her toilet was completed by an elegant fan, to match her dress, which was a present from Marie.

Marie's costume was scarcely less lovely, being of pale-blue silk made up with tulle and lilies of the valley.

Belle wore pink, the same as at the duchess' reception, and Helena was in dead white ottoman, made perfectly plain, with long close sleeves, and high in the neck, while her only ornaments consisted of close bands of filigree silver, set with diamonds, about her throat and wrists. It was a peculiar costume, yet she had never looked more beautiful.

"You look like a nun, but for your diamonds, Helena," her mother observed, when she appeared in the drawing-room, just before the arrival of the guests, "you might at least have turned your dress away at the neck and filled it in with lace."

Helena shivered at the suggestion, as if the very thought had chilled her; but she made no reply, and Mrs. Stewart continued:

"I must confess, though, that severe style suits you wonderfully well; but it would be very trying to most people."

"Helena never looked so well," Belle bluntly asserted, while she regarded her sister with critical eyes. "Somehow she reminds of she was clean and pure through and through."

Helena eyed her sharply, as if in some doubt of how she ought to receive the compliment; but she deigned to make no reply, and the moments later all were busy receiving their guests.

The Harwoods and Percy had been invited down from London. Lord Nelson had consented to come from Osterly for the occasion, to please his grandmother, and Mr. Osborn was also bidden "for the sake of auld lang syne," as Mrs. Stewart wrote in her friendly note accompanying the formal invitation.

If she could have seen the cynical smile that curved his lips when he read it, she might have thought that this reference to by-gone days was not as agreeable as she had desired to make it.

* * * * * * *

"Hazel, I hardly know you," Percy said, as she came forward, with shining eyes and smiling lips, to greet him as soon as he entered the brilliant drawing-room, while the look of admiration that he bent upon her brought a richer color to her cheeks.

"I do not believe I should ever say that to you, Percy. I should know you anywhere, and under any circumstances," Hazel lightly responded.

"Then you would not give the poor doctor the cold shoulder, no matter how far you ascended the social ladder?" he asserted, inquiringly, and studying her expressive face earnestly.

"Percy!" she exclaimed, in a tone that set every pulse bounding, while she slipped her small hand familiarly within his arm, "do you know me no better than that? What have I ever done to make you think I could give you a cold shoulder, no matter what your position might be?"

"Nothing, darling," he whispered, pressing that little hand close to his heart, only the poor doctor—"

"Don't speak of yourself so, Percy," Hazel interrupted.

"But that is what I have been thus far," he returned, smiling, "mere than that, I've lost all right and title to even grandfather's legacy."

"Oh, I am very sorry," the young girl exclaimed, regretfully. "How did it happen?"

"There is quite a story to it, which I will tell you later," he said. "It would be pretty hard on you now, if you had no home and were left to my tender mercies, wouldn't it!" he exclaimed, smiling.

"I am sure they would be 'tender mercies,' and that you would do the very best you could for me; I know that you would at least share what you could earn with me," Hazel answered, gravely.

"True, but the question might be, would you be willing—content to share what I could get?" he asked, in a tone that sent the blood flying to her temples.

Her eyes fell beneath the fond look in his; she began to understand him; she began to feel that perhaps he might have loved her for a good while, but was sensitive about betraying it when she was receiving so much attention from others.

Suddenly she rallied and lifted a brilliant, smiling glance to him.

"That would depend," she said, with a saucy little toss of her head.

"Upon what, dear?"

"Why, I cannot stop to tell you now," she returned, archly, but flushing delightfully, "for I see mamma beckoning me to introduce me to some of her friends. Will you take me to her?"

He turned to do her bidding, but whispered on the way:

"Promise me, Hazel, that you will give me the supper hour. I have something especial that I wish to tell you—will you?"

"Yes," she briefly replied, while her white lids dropped shy, over her lovely eyes.

And her mother catching a glimpse of her radiant face just then, read a story there that made her smile.

"I shall not keep my darling long," she thought; "the old, old love will win her."

CHAPTER XLII.

HAZEL'S ENCOURAGEMENT.

Percy and Hazel did not meet again before the supper hour. The young girl rather avoided him for fear of betraying the great new happiness that had come into her heart.

Lord Nelson met her soon after her little chat with Percy, and wondered at the peculiar radiance that illumined her every feature. She greeted him with such sweet frankness, and expressed such hearty pleasure at his presence that he, for a moment, was inclined to hope that he might yet win her. But she soon adroitly turned him over to Marie, and the half-hour that he spent with her made him wonder why he had never before discovered how lovely she was.

Belle made herself agreeable to Mr. Osborn, whom she had always heartily liked, and she now took special pains to let him and every one else know it, though she wondered what made him watch Helena so much with that bitter, almost despairing look in his eyes.

Helena herself flirted openly with a gray-haired earl, who had had three wives and was looking for a fourth, report said. She had never appeared more brilliant; she had never been more beautiful, although there was a wild brilliance in her eyes, a peculiar restlessness and unnaturalness in her manner, which made her mother regard her from time to time with great anxiety.

At supper time Percy sought Hazel, and drawing her arm through his remarked, in a significant tone:

"We are not hungry, Hazel, are we?"

"I can only answer no for myself," she replied, with a shy smile.

"Then come with me to the upper balcony," he said, and led her up stairs to a porch that had been built over the front entrance, which commanded a fine view of the city and the surging, restless sea beyond.

But Percy cared little for the view to-night, he had much to tell her, and a great question to settle.

He made her sit down and then took a seat beside her.

"Now, my darling," he said, determined to know his fate at once, "I shall repeat that the question I asked you down stairs. Would you be willing to share the life of a poor man—my life, Hazel, if I had to offer you was the great love of my heart? Could you bear to fill an humble position as my wife? My beloved, I am several years older than you, but I have loved you since you were a little child; my hopes have all centered in you, my future has been planned almost wholly with reference to you. I should not have dared to tell you this to-night, dear, but from the fact that you have turned from the offer of a more brilliant future, and because you have told me that you had no love to give in exchange. Oh, Hazel, if I might but hope that you would be willing to share my life," he concluded, his voice trembling with the intensity of his love.

He bent down to look into her eyes, and she lifted them with grave, sweet frankness to his.

"I am proud, Percy, that you wish me to share your life, whatever it may be," she said, in a low, earnest tone.

He gathered her into his arms with an exclamation of joy; he raised her fair face and kissed her with reverent lips—her brow, her cheek, her lips.

"I do not believe you realize how much you have given me, Hazel," he said, in a tremulous tone, "life—hope—everything a man could ask this side of heaven."

"I have only given you myself, Percy, and to me it seems a poor return for the noblest heart that ever beat. You call yourself poor, when you have crowned me with the richest offering that the world could give me," Hazel murmured, with her lips against his cheek.

"Do you love me like that, my darling?" he asked, deeply moved at this revelation of the depth of her affection. "Oh! how I have longed for some sign of this from you during the last year or two."

A sweet laugh rippled softly over Hazel's lips.

"I love very, very blind you have been, Percy," she said.

"Blind!" he repeated, wonderingly. "I have supposed that you loved me only as a sister might love an older brother, and not even as much as that sometimes."

"And I have tried so hard to convince you that I did not occupy a sister's position—a sister would have been willing to share her brother's home," Hazel returned.

"What did you love me even then; was that the reason you would not come to me, darling?"

"I could not occupy a false position," she replied, in a low tone.

"And would you have given yourself to me then, if I had asked you to be my wife?" Percy said, eagerly.

"Perhaps you did not want a wife then; but, if you had tempted me, I am afraid you would have found me irrevocably hampered," Hazel laughingly retorted.

"Hampered!" he cried, clasping her closer, "how hampered? what did I lose when I might have been so happy in the knowledge of this?"

"Yes, a little more than three months; how dreadful!" Hazel returned, roguishly.

"But they have seemed ages to me, and I have suffered torture in the fear of losing you, when I saw others, younger and more favored by fortune, seeking to win you, sure, lest that you do not care for position or wealth?" he asked, gravely.

"Oh, yes, I do like such things immensely!" she answered, with a po-litive nod of her pretty head; "it is delightful to mingle in cultured society, and it is very nice to have plenty of money, but if those things could not be shared with you, they would be but husks to me."

"My own darling! what a loyal heart you have, and you will not lose your reward. Hazel, the poor doctor has a history, as well as yourself, and he is only too happy to be able to tell you that it will be in his power to give you not only wealth, but a position also, equal to that which, as Miss Graham, you now enjoy."

"Percy! what can you mean?" Hazel cried, wonderingly.

"Have you never had any suspicion that I might not be Sandy Morton's grandchild?" he asked.

Hazel started, and regarded him with astonishment.

"I have often wondered why you were so different from him, but I thought perhaps it was because your mother may have possessed more natural refinement of manner, which you inherited from her," she answered. "But are you not his grandson?"

"No. I have never told you that I had any doubt about it, because the mystery seemed likely never to be explained; but when my grandfather was dying, he gave me a package and tried to tell me something, begging me to forgive him for some wrong which he had done me; but what that was I was unable to learn, for his tongue was paralyzed before he could conclude his confession. The package contained an infant's clothing, and a string of amber beads, fastened with a gold clasp on which the letters 'P. H.' were engraved. Last week I learned to whom they belonged, and that I am the only son of Sir Henry Harwood."

Hazel's face was both white and blank as she listened to this startling announcement.

"Percy it cannot be possible? you the son of Sir Henry Harwood?" she cried, breathlessly.

"Yes, darling, his only child."

"Then who is—Charlie?"

"He is the son of the man whom I have always believed to be my father, Captain William Morton and he was adopted by Sir Henry and his wife soon after the loss of their own child—myself—who was washed overboard during the same storm that wrecked Captain Morton's vessel and in the same locality."

"How very strange. How did it happen?" Hazel asked, wonderingly.

"It seems that a steamer collided with Captain Morton's vessel during a dense fog following the storm of which I have spoken, and both were seriously injured. Captain Morton's ship had to be abandoned and all but three of the crew were lost. The steamer was only temporarily disabled. But after the collision a fire broke out in the cabin and the women were carried on deck, while the men worked for dear life to quench the flames below. The waves ran high, and I, a little babe in my mother's arms, was washed overboard into the hungry waves. Only a little later a couple of sailors belonging to the Fortuna—captain Morton's vessel—picked me up, and believing me to be their captain's child, conveyed me to the light-house keeper and his wife, who, while his little grandson was found by the second mate, who, having a grudge against his superior officer, determined to put off by keeping the boy from him. He found, too late, that the captain and his wife had both perished and his spite amounted to nothing, save a great wrong committed against an innocent child. When he would have restored the child to its relatives he found that it had been adopted by some persons unknown and taken away from the asylum where he had left it. The light-house keeper and his wife doubtless discovered from the rich clothing of the child taken to them, and the clasp to the necklace, bearing the initials 'P. H.,' that the sailors had brought them a strange child.

"But, as they must have believed that their own grandson had perished with its parents, out of the kindness of their afflicted hearts, they concluded to keep me and rear me as their own."

Percy went on to explain more fully what we already know regarding himself and the adopted son of Sir Henry Harwood, and Hazel listened spell-bound to the strange romance.

When Percy reached London about two hours after Charlie Harwood, who had laid his bed to learn the truth of Tom Lawson's story from his parents' lips, he found that he had anticipated his self-imposed task and had told Percy was at once interviewed to discover if he was connected in any way with the old lighkeeper and it was then ascertained that he had been adopted and reared by him as his own. The young man then told his own suspicions, producing the package of clothing and the amber necklace, all of which were instantly recognized by Mrs. Harwood as belonging to the babe that she believed had perished during the terrible storm which had swept the seas at sea, and Percy was at once joyfully claimed as the son of the great physician.

Percy then insisted upon making over to Charlie the property which Sandy Morton had left, but the young man would not listen to the proposition.

"It is yours, left by a will, and I will not have it," he said.

"And I cannot feel right to keep it," Percy said, just as decidedly, and there the matter had to rest for the time.

But, it may as well be stated here, at the suggestion of Sir Henry, that they finally decided to divide it equally between them.

"Of course," he told them, "Charley is as much my boy as he ever was, and the only difference this revelation makes is, that I am richer by one son and you will henceforth share alike in our affection, as well as in the handsome property which I shall leave you by and by."

Percy and Charlie grasped hands in true brotherly feeling over this decision, and the hearts of the good physician and his kind wife were filled with gratitude over this happy termination of their early troubles.

"It is almost incomprehensible," Hazel said, when Percy had completed his story.

"Indeed it is," he answered; "I can scarcely realize it myself."

"And you are not Percy Morton at all?" the young girl added, with a little sigh of regret.

"Indeed I am—I could never think of discarding the good name which my kind old grandfather—for I can think of him in no other light—bestowed upon me," Percy said, almost tenderly. "I shall simply add the name of Harwood to it."

"And Mr. Charles Harwood?"

"Will be Charles Harwood still. It would be unkind to my father and mother to make any change in his name. He was legally adopted, too, and, since his own friends are all dead, he will wound no one by retaining it.

Hazel uttered a long sigh.

"What a romance you and I have lived, Percy! What a strange double romance has been revealed here in Brighton during the last few days!" she said, wonderingly.

"That is true; but," glancing at his watch, "we have been here a whole hour, and I hear the guests coming up from supper. May I take you down to your mother and just whisper in her ear that you are going to be a doctor's wife?"

"I suppose it is only right that mamma should know it," Hazel replied, blushing a lovely crimson, and rising.

Percy smoothed the light rings fondly away from her forehead.

"This brow would have worn the strawberry leaves with stately grace," he said, bending to touch it with trembling lips. "Are you sure you will never regret exchanging the duke for the doctor?"

Hazel laughed soft'y.

"Let me whisper something in your ear," she said, gayly. "I do not believe I have utterly lost the duke, even now. I prophesy that I shall yet secure him—for a brother. Don't you think Marie would make a lovely duchess?"

"Indeed she would if that were possible," Percy replied, looking somewhat surprised and a trifle skeptical as well. "For how could anyone who had once loved Hazel ever turn his affections elsewhere?

He sincerely admired and respected Lord Hartwell, and deeply regretted the disappointment that he must have suffered in losing Hazel.

Helen Stewart saw Percy and Hazel when they re-entered the drawing-room. She had missed them both from the room, and surmised that they were together, and now, the moment that her eyes fell on them, she knew by the light on their faces that the die was cast, and she had her own future, as far as Percy Morton was concerned, would be a blank.

She watched him as he led Hazel directly to her mother, and bent to whisper something in her ear, and she knew, by the fond smile which Mrs. Earlescourt bestowed upon them both, that congratulations were being given.

A shudder shook Helena from crown to sole, every atom of color died out of her face, and a wild despairing look came into her eyes; then she suddenly rallied, and became even gayer and more brilliant than before.

Something of Percy's romantic story had got abroad during the evening, and now people gathered about him with congratulations and good wishes, and he soon found himself quite the lion of the evening.

"Hazel, is it true?" Belle asked of her friend a little later. "Is it true that Dr. Morton is Sir Henry Harwood's son?"

"Yes, dear—the fact has been established beyond a doubt."

"Is it not wonderful?" Belle continued. "And is it true, too, that—you are engaged to him? Mamma heard Mrs. Earlescourt say something about it to her grace."

Hazel nodded shyly, and blushed.

"Tell it not in Gath,' dear, just yet," she whispered, and then ran away to hide her confusion and escape further questioning.

Helena had been standing near, and had caught enough of their conversation to comprehend its nature.

An agonized look swept over her face, and the next moment she passed out through a long window upon the veranda, her step unsteady, her heart beating with heavy throbs of jealousy and despair.

(To be Continued.)

Is Marriage A Failure?

Is marriage a failure? I fancy, if so,
It beats a success any bachelors know;
What 'tis to be wedded unknown is to me—
I have a good notion to try it and see.
My sweetheart's so sanguine she ventures the guess
Our failing together would be a success!
I've nothing to lose, and I blush as I vow
That I am a failure when taken alone.

The Power of a Smile.

Novel Readers at the British Museum.

A new rule has been promulgated at the British Museum to the effect that "readers cannot as a rule be supplied with novels within five years of publication, and every reader requiring for special purposes to consult a recent novel must state his reason in writing."

A representative of the *Pall Mall*, desiring to get fuller information with reference to the imposition of this new rule and the circumstances attending it, called at the British Museum. His report is subjoined:

I must confess that I was somewhat surprised (he writes) at not finding knots of angry and discontented novel readers gathered around the portals of the great Temple of Research. The reading-room was emptier than usual—a state of things easily accounted for by the fog. Disappointed in my endeavors to find a discontented novel reader, whose sad story I might lay before the world, I determined to get at the reasons which induced the authorities to put forth their new rule. I was most courteously received by an official of standing, and the following little colloquy took place:

"When did the new rule first come into force?"

"On Thursday last. Since then we have had several applications for recent works of fiction; but we have refused every one."

"What induced you to make the rule?"

"Well, for a long time past we have found that from one to three per cent. of the readers who visit this room have read little else but new novels and works of a similar stamp. They are in the main well-to-do people who, I should think, could well afford to subscribe to Mudie's or to some other circulating library. The Museum Library is intended *inter alia* for the benefit of those of the reading-room are gradually growning inadequate; and hence the rule."

"And how do the novel-readers take to it?"

"They don't like it at all. They are perfectly willing to admit its expediency and justice; they even admit that it is general application; but they have a thousand and one reasons why it should not be applied where they are concerned—why in their case it would be gross tyranny to enforce a rule that would be perfectly just in the case of any one else."

"What sort of novels have they been accustomed to read?"

"Look at the well-thumbed page of the catalogue which contains the works of Zola. They read him both in French and in English. As a matter of fact French novels have for a long time been greatly in demand. But we have changed all that."

"The rule speaks of a special reason in writing which must be given by the reader who possesses sufficient intrepidity to ask for a new novel! What would you consider an adequate reason?"

"The rule," replied my informant, "is intended to be absolute. We shall allow no exceptions. It would not be enough, for example, for the reader, like Arthur Pendennis, to assign as a reason for wanting a French novel, a desire to improve his knowledge of colloquial French. As I have said, the rule is absolute."

This new rule by the new Librarian will be received as tidings of great joy by all *bona fide* and serious students. "It will be a great blessing to all of us," said an old habitue of the place—a gentleman whose researches in many branches of obscure knowledge are well known to all the attendants—in response to my representative's inquiry. "The overcrowding of the reading-room was becoming worse and worse every day; and indeed one could not put in an appearance by midday at latest, your chances of a seat were very slight. This is very hard on every people like myself. I am all for everybody reading everything; but I must say that I object most strongly to this Temple of Research and Study being degraded into a kind of Free Mudie."

"But are the novel-readers the only offenders?"—"They are the most numerous, but by no means the worst. What I object to even more is the contingent of young loafers for whom the library is a happy hunting ground of Unexpurgated Literature. The run on certain chapters in certain medical works is really astonishing. The law students are a great nuisance too. Why in the world should they not go to the Inns of Court libraries, which exist for their sole and special benefit? The British Museum Library is not intended to provide a substitute for the manuals, dictionaries, and text books possessed by, or elsewhere within the reach of, really serious students. The result of licence in this respect is that the limited facilities afforded—at the taxpayers' expense—for the elect readers of the nation at large is monopolized by the small section within easy call of Great Russell street."

The Feminine Lap.

It is doubtful if there be any masculine lap. The male of the human species has knees, and that is all. The feminine lap is indispensable to the female. Man has no such comprehensive convenience. She keeps fancy work in it (except for the accidental ball which rolls out), she lays down books in it, it holds her handkerchief, flowers, programme (if at the theatre), fan, muff, parasol, and all her endless impedimenta. It is a pocket—an adjustable table, a bureau drawer, a work basket, a valise, and, above all a desk.

Just why some women should be unable to write upon a table or desk like ordinary male Christians it is hopeless to conjecture. A recent published account of a well known authoress's literary workshop gives an apt illustration of this curious idiosyncrasy of womankind. She has a pleasant, well-fitted room, with flowers, and birds and pets, and a desk. This piece of furniture is described as being covered with books and manuscripts, while a lap-tablet upon which she writes lies among the papers awaiting her convenience.

We have often seen a fair young creature who wished to write a letter take a small book and deposit it in the all-sufficient lap and laboriously scribble away when a large and conveniently flat table stood beside her chair. And she holds the ink in her lap, too, with a dexterity sufficient to dishearten an East Indian juggler. Why she prefers to do it we do not know. It would seem that the force and pungency of a girl's letters are the direct result of her finding the only support for her right arm at the point of her pen. It is one of nature's phenomena—a law of nature that violets are blue, or why rain is always so unpleasantly wet.

Went to Bed by Mistake.

Ampere, the scientist, was so great a thinker that he forgot everything else when his thinking was going on. His simplicity of life made him an interesting character, apart from his scientific work.

Probably there never was a more absent-minded man. His wife had the track of his engagements for him, and often had great difficulty in getting him to keep them when his work was on his mind.

One day he had a very important engagement, to go out to dinner with some public men and men of science. The engagement was for six o'clock. At five he had been warned. Madame Ampere found him, when the hour had almost arrived, still toiling at his desk.

By dint of a good deal of effort, she got him to leave his work, and go to his bedchamber to dress for the dinner. He went to his room, with his thoughts still on his work. He took off his coat and waistcoat, and finding himself in his shirt-sleeves, he imagined that he had gone to his room to retire, and thereupon went to bed!

There, an hour or two afterwards, Madame Ampere found him fast asleep.

It Would do For a Time.

A young traveling man had been going to see a charming young lady for a good while, and had just proposed to her for the seventeenth time.

"Can't you take no for an answer?" she inquired in a tone which he had been accustomed to.

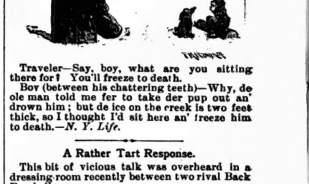
"No, not exactly;" he replied, meekly. "But I'll try and get along with it till you can give me a better one."

Something for Unthatched Ones.

"Joe, I think you are getting a bit bald," said a workingman to his mate, playfully smacking the shiny place with his palm.

Joe answered with dignity: "That isn't anything new. I was always bald. 'Cos why? My mother 'ad so often to pat me on the 'ead say, 'Well done, Joe, my boy!' so she wore all the 'air off."

A Regular Freeze-out.



Traveler—Say, boy, what are you sitting there for? You'll be sure to drown.

Boy (between his chattering teeth)—Why, de ole man told me fer to take der pup out an' throw him t' de ice on the creek is two feet thick, so I thought I'd sit here an' freeze him to death.—*N. Y. Life.*

A Rather Tart Response.

This bit of vicious talk was overheard in a dressing-room recently between two rival Back Bay belles:

"Fred is getting positively spoony," one said to the other; "he called me a flower just before I came up-stairs."

"You had been sitting against the wall for a long time," was the unamiable response, delivered with much sweetness, "I suppose he mistook him to allude to."

Length and Breadth.

He—My views on Social Reform are quoted in full.

She—Wasn't it a very long speech you made?

He—Why, no; I wasn't aware of saying very much.

She—N-no, you didn't say very much. I was referring to the length of the speech.

A BAD MAN'S SWEETHEART.

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

Author of "The Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "Widower Jones," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS CONVENTIONALITIES. Mrs. Flambert, in pursuance of her matchmaking project, called on Rev. Dr. Strong, her favorite clergyman, and insisted that he should visit Dell and indirectly urge Tully's suit.

"Doctor, you know Tully well enough to understand him and no one can do as much to quiet Dell Browning's scruples as you can. Poor Tully, he is nearly mad and going down hill for no other reason than his failure to get Dell to forgive his follies."

"But, my dear Mrs. Flambert, it is none of my business, and if you will pardon my bluntness—none of yours. Suppose now we succeeded in persuading her to marry Tully and he turned out badly, neither of us would be able to forgive ourselves for the part we had in spoiling her life while trying to save his."

"I am willing to take my share of the risk and yours, too. I'm sure of him! Poor boy, how generous he has always been! The poor in your parish and you yourself have reason to remember him! Beside I don't want you to say a word about Tully. Give her a lecture on something that will lead up to it and make the way easy for him. Tell her all men are wild and foolish sometimes, and those who are brave and sincere are the ones who get most blame because they are not hypocritical enough to try and conceal their conduct. I know you believe this, for I've heard you say so—yes, and preach so, too, only not so boldly as you talk when you are alone in your study. You ask me for charities, and I give you the money without a question because I think you know who needs help better than I do. When I'm sick I go to a doctor, because I think he knows better than I do what will cure me. When I'm feeling sinful and selfish, and want to be good I come to you because you know what I should do. Now in this matter I come to tell you what to do, because I as a woman—an experienced woman—know better than you do what is good for Stephen Tully and Dell Browning, out if you refuse I'll lose confidence in you and when you ask me for Mrs. Fay's next quarter's rent I'll say, 'No, Doctor Strong, it's none of my business, and pardon me, none of yours. Now then!'"

"Now, my dear Mrs. Flambert, if you will rest your excited conversational powers long enough for me to get in a word edgeways, I'll say what I would have said five minutes ago. I have no objection to calling on Miss Browning and casually letting her know that so-called bad men often have the best hearts and with proper influences make the best churchmen and most desirable husbands. If you had not gone off into one of your fits of enthusiasm I would have volunteered everything you ask me to do! I would indeed!" laughed the doctor in his easy and indolent good nature. "I visit the sick and dying to give them comfort and comfort and I suppose it is within my province to offer advice to young people on marriage and bading bread and all that sort of thing."

"Doctor, you are a dear, good man, and if you will hand me your check book I'll give you Mrs. Fay's rent and twenty dollars for extras. But," exclaimed Mrs. Flambert, picking up the pen to sign her name, "put it strong! She's awfully conventional and thinks people ought to be sent to misery at once if they kick over the traces."

"I'll do my best, Mrs. Flambert, though I'd rather stand and sit up all night with a smallpox patient than mix up in your matrimonial schemes. But that you are such an incorrigible matchmaker and the most persevering scold in the church I would refuse. By the way, has your husband found work for poor old Tomkins?"

"No, but he shall this very day if we have to take him ourselves. Now put on your hat and see Dell. On your way back you can drop in and see Flam. He was asking me why you had not been around for so long."

"Tell him if he hadn't sent me that case of wine I wouldn't have staid away—now I can have a decent glass at home."

The Rev. Dr. Strong, rector of St. Titus', was a large, stout man, lazy and big-hearted and steeped in the fumes of tobacco, but he was an omnivorous reader and one of the most lovely characters in the city; the friend of the poor, the victim of every itinerant fraud, and the confidential adviser of the erring. His influence was nevertheless all for good, and there were men as well as women in his parish who could not speak of him without tears, a choking of their voice and a fervent "God bless him."

He asked for Miss Browning and when she stood before him, her hand in his, he began by telling her how she reminded him of her father. His kindly face was full of sympathy and somehow she wanted to cry.

"Ah! he was a good friend of mine, Miss Browning, and of the poor. By the way, if you can spare time will you go over and see poor old Mrs. Tomkins. They are frightfully poor, and the poor body told me she hadn't had a drop of tea for a week."

Then they drifted into a discussion of the difficulty of making the rich appreciate their duty to the poor, and how many professing Christians were satisfied with a form of religion and never sought for the spirit of Christ's teaching.

"Yet these," said he, in his easy, indifferent way, "are the ones who disapprove most of others. For instance, I asked Mrs. Chandler the other day to look after a poor woman who was too sick to work, and she inquired how much my cigars cost me a year; and asked if I denied myself a glass of wine at dinner if it wouldn't keep a cot in the Children's Hospital. I told her probably it would, but she would have thought me impudent if I had asked her to sell her carriage and give it to the poor."

"How mean of her," exclaimed Dell, who knew the doctor at any time would take the coat from his back and give it to a shivering beggar.

"Oh, not at all," answered the doctor, placidly. "I know I waste money in tobacco; so we all do in something. My dear Miss Browning," said he, taking a sudden tack, "we would all be happier if we were satisfied with less for ourselves and demanded less from other people—not only in material things. You know we make ourselves miserable trying to observe the conventionalities ourselves, and—with singular perversity—in struggling to be uncharitable enough to hate those who are bold enough to defy the social laws which chafe us, and against which our souls are in perpetual rebellion. Without taking the pains to examine either ourselves or the customs which we insist upon other people observing, and which outward it we ourselves observe, we go through life with the harness of useless duties rubbing into our flesh until we are galled and sore as an abused cart horse tugging his load of coal or refuse, with his collar sinking into the raw of his shoulders."

Dell was interested. She liked to hear the doctor talk, and took pains to lead him on. "What is the cause of it?" she asked.

"The evening of the nineteenth century seems to show the most advanced reaction from the noon of chivalry, when the best men were proud of but little except physical courage and courtesy. The lower classes cared little for the latter, but were natural and—to a great extent—brutal. Nowadays men have learned to be courteously brutal to their equal—brutal without courtesy to the poor—and have eliminated courage from the requisites of their knighthood. This is the most appallingly cowardly age! So much so that I am beginning to esteem the prize-fighter and the rot-licking dare-devil fellows who good-naturedly despite all conventionalities! Don't look so incredulous; what I say of cowardice is true in every walk of life. Let me begin with my own cloth: Clergymen are afraid to smoke or take a glass of wine lest the church-going Mrs. Grundy may say it is a bad example or an extravagance, worse still, they dare not teach what they believe, and are too cowardly to deny what they are expected to affirm. Look at the creeds; they remain practically unchanged, and when the candidates for the ministry are being examined they have to accept the doctrines that even the most old-fashioned never preach, and which those in the pews do not believe and must believe for many years, except in the comfortably vague sense that they hold to their church, and, in a general way, to all its dogmas. Some of us parsons try to quiet our consciences by loud professions, others by cunning sophisms and evasions. When we preach on delicate topics and approach points which both clergy and laity profess and disbelieve with singular unanimity we switch off just before we reach the ticklish place, and the congregations give a sigh of relief; first, for their own sake, lest in a fanatical moment we may insist on something they are not prepared to openly reject, and yet which would be very uncomfortable to have held up as essential; secondly, for our own sake lest we dare speak out in meeting and deny a doctrine and get into trouble by so doing. In this way we have to do things which we know are shams, assume pious airs, for instance, just as heartless mourners cry out funerals, because people are looking and expecting certain things. These conventionalities are keeping honest men out of the pulpits and driving the sincere and thoughtful out of the churches."

"You couple yourself with those you criticise. Why don't you put your theories into practice, and act as you feel and believe?" asked Dell, with an unpleasant feeling that Dr. Strong was robbing her of some favorite illusions.

"Because I am too cowardly,' he answered with a sigh; "because I am incapable of self-sacrifice; because the age in which we live teaches us that orthodoxy is infinitely more able to martyrdom. If I lived up to my convictions—or down to them—the people would think me godless; if I preached as I think, I would be bounced by the bishop, would lose my living and my friends, even though the latter agreed with me; I would get my family into trouble, be miserable myself and accomplish nothing in trying to stem the torrent of organized humbug. I quiet my conscience by talking to prudent people as I am talking to you, and in this way doing my share to prepare the world for the revolt which cannot be much longer delayed. If I were brilliant enough to amuse people and be a leader, I might dare; but I am only praised as a preacher because I am not always too lazy to prepare my sermons and because I am prudent and never keep my parishioners away from their dinner."

"Doctor, you shock me by your cynicism and lack of—of—"

"Courage—go on and say it. I admit it. And should not be too thin skinned to have it said. But examine yourself and your actions and see if you are not almost as bad. I accept the conventionalities of a religious organization, you accept those of society—those to which you hold are without even the traditions which make it really an awful thing for one of us to break away from a doctrine. Many of the most august things we uphold are forced upon us by you—at least you force us to retain them. Even if I proved you wrong you would not dare to rebel. With you the fops and dudes, the noodles and nobodies, the cutter-flies and scandal mongers are the first to be pleased, or the sham called "society" is wrecked. For instance, if a woman is detected in a social sin, she is consigned to outer darkness, and so far as this world can make it so, everlasting punishment is inflicted on her. We preach the doctrine of eternal punishment for the same result—fear. It is a good thing for weak people. You dare not reach down and try to lift a branded woman out of her misery. I dare not reach out the arms of my human pity and express a belief that a man dying in his sins can ever escape hell. Why? Because we are afraid of getting our hands burned, and so, while you pet-list in trying to keep society good by making frightful examples of those who sin, we continue to misrepresent God as one who inflicts infinitely more barbarous punishments. What is the result? We both drive people into the hell we have prepared for them. Ostracism is the remedy provided for sinners by both the fashionable churches and fashionable society. Our sinner is told of a hell he can't believe in, or from which he feels he can't escape; your place of torment is filled in the same way. We both inflict all these horrors without reducing the number of evil doers or cleansing by the fire of fear the minds of evil thinkers.

"Doctor," asked Dell, appalled by the picture he had drawn, "what then if we were without these conventionalities?"

"The new order of things would bring new restraints—nobler and purer ones, I hope. The maiden is pure because she loves purity and her pure home. The wife is now true to her husband because she loves him, not because she is afraid of exposure and ruin; take away the penalties and the true woman will be true still; take away the penalties and the false will be false still. The Christian is a Christian because he loves God and His Blessed Son, and tries to act as much like Christ as he can; I don't believe there will be a single soul in heaven that took refuge in Christianity to escape brimstone. When love is the law there will be no talk of eternal punishment for sinners either here or hereafter, and there will be no solemn warnings needed except the sight of those who are suffering the unavoidable consequences of wrong doing. There will always be a hell for the vicious but, my dear, we need have no hand in lighting the fire, nor should we try to preach that God is preparing them."

"What—what then is our duty, Doctor?" faltered Dell.

"To save every perishing soul within your reach, if it calls out to you bend down and touch it with your pure hand and show it the way to salvation; don't keep it by on the other side as people generally do in traveling the Jericho road or to-day."

"But might we not imperil our own soul in seeking to reclaim others?" shrinking with a half guilty feeling that she was thinking of Tully.

"If our motive is right there is little or no danger. You at least should not fear. Your face is the mirror of a pure heart," answered the clergyman tenderly, as he rose to go. "If you do God's will, He will take care of you and give you strength to endure to the end."

"Did I do wrong?" Doctor Strong asked of himself as he walked homeward, "was I preaching evil that good might come? Why should I try to wed that sweet, innocent girl to a man like Stephen Tully? Yet she would save him! But at what cost? I must watch him and if I have been wrong—and why do I feel ashamed if I have not been— I will yet try and guide her right."

As he went on his way, there went up from his heart to the infinite heart of God, a fervent prayer for guidance, and who shall say it was not heard?

(To be Continued.)

An Authority on English.

Houlihan—Sure it's not one av a Choinese laundhry dat Oi see yez comin', Teddy?"

Rourke—" Why not, fairh?"

Houlihan—Sure, thim rat ayters do sea-ake English; but I had that divil a wur-rud can Oi undherstand av thim."

Jokelets.

It is rough on the ambitious to be born so late in the world. What Mayor of a town as small as Athens, can hope, nowadays, for the fame of Pericles?

Tommy.—Are you going to send teacher a valentine? Johnnie.—Naw. I'm after a piece of chalk to draw it on the fence.

Theatrical Manager (to applicant for position) —Do you think you would make a good walking gentleman? Actor (suspiciously)—Um—er—how far West are you going?

A Parisian lady wears ball shoes with tiny watches set in the insteps. Presumably this enables her to keep time with her feet.

Young Mother—Horrors, Jane! the baby is trying to swallow a pin.

Nurse—It's all right, mum; it's a safety pin.

She was a pretty sales girl, he asked her for a kiss; for he was the accepted of this fair and blushing Miss, she gave him one, and as she drew her rosy lips away—"is there," asked she, in trembling tones, "Anything else today."

"Never would I call a boy of mine Alias," said Mrs. Jones, "if I had a hundred to name. Men by that name is allus cutting up capers. Alias Thompson, Alias Williams, Alias the Night Hawk—all been took up for stealin'."

Algy—They want £6,000 for the lease, Maria. It runs for eighty-nine years.

Maria—Oh, don't buy it, Algy. Only eighty-nine years! Fancy dear baby being turned out of the house at ninety-one, and possibly infirm into the bargain.

Fond Mother (listening to baby's cries)—What a sweet-toned voice she has, dear. She'll be a splendid singer. We must send her to Italy and have her voice cultivated.

Brutal Father (trying to sleep)—Send her now.

Joe Brun wants some advice. He says, "I am twenty-five years of age, and live with my father, who has just married his third wife, aged twenty-one. I am in doubt whether I should call her 'mother,' 'Mrs. B.,' or by her Christian name 'Mary,' also whether it would be correct for me to kiss her night and morning." Joe had better consult his amorous papa on these exceedingly interesting points.

Hostess—And so you really believe the moon to be inhabited, Professor?

Professor Eluzumachen—Ah, vell, I do not say zat. But zere is vun moon in vich zere mus' be vun man.

Hostess—And which might that be, pray?

Prof. E. (putting on his party manners)—Vy, ze—vat you call it?—ze honeymoon.

Wife (returned from church)—You should have heard Mr. Goodman's sermon this morning, my dear. I don't know when anything has made such a profound impression upon me.

Husband—Did you walk home?

Wife—No, I took a tram-car; and do you know, John, the conductor never asked me for my fare. Wasn't I lucky?

Mrs. Gossip—Is that house next door to you empty still?

Mrs. Gabb—No, a family moved in last week.

"Nice folks?"

"Nice! They're the trashiest kind of people; live from hand to mouth; buy things by the pennyworth, I should think."

"La, me!"

"True as I'm sitting here. I've sent in a dozen times to borrow things, and they were out of 'em every time."

Miss Wabash—Isn't your husband good to give you so much money every week to put in the bank. What are you saving it for?

Mrs. Lincoln Park—As soon as I have enough I intend to get a divorce.

The Stayladies treated the family to a fantasia upon the bagpipes, and when he had concluded he looked around with honest pride and remarked:

"Eh, mon, but that's varr deefficult!"

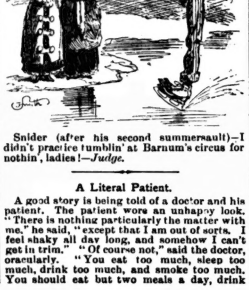
"Is it?" said the O'Flaherty. "Bee jabers, Oi wish it had been impossible."

"Did you see that Tennyson compares men to trees, Miss Clara?" said Mr. Staylaight as the clock struck twelve.

"Yes. It's absurd, too. Trees sometimes leave, do they not, Mr. Staylaight?"

Saved his Reputation.

Edith—Oh, mamma! how can such awkward people dare to risk their necks on the ice?



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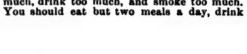

Snider (after his second summersault)—I didn't practice tumblin' at Barnum's circus for nothin', ladies!—*Judge.*

A Literal Patient.

A good story is being told of a doctor and his patient. The patient wore an unhappy look. "There is nothing particularly the matter with me," he said, "except that I am out of sorts. I feel shaky all day long, and somehow I can't get in trim." "Of course not," said the doctor, oracularly. "You eat too much, sleep too much, drink too much, and smoke too much. You should eat but two meals a day, drink nothing but red wines, and smoke one big cigar only after dinner." A month passed and the doctor met him again. The marks of misery and gloom were upon the face of the patient. "I am about ten thousand per cent. worse," he said. "The eating was all right and the drinking also was all right, but smoking that one cigar a day nearly killed me." "How so?" asked the doctor. "I never smoked before in my life."

Must Have Exercise

Little John'ny has been with his mother to call on a sick lady.

"Why was she chewing gum all the time?" he asked.

"I suppose," replied his mother, "it was because the doctor left word that she mustn't talk."

A Miser in High Life.

Lord Barco, an ancestor of the Earl of Fife, was remarkable for practicing that celebrated rule—"Get all you can, and keep all you get." One day walking down the avenue from his house, he saw a farthing lying at his feet, which he carefully cleaned. A beggar, passing at the same time, entreated his lordship would give him the farthing, saying it was not worth a nobleman's attention. "Pin' a farthing to yoursel', puir body," replied his lordship, as he carefully put the coin in his breeches pocket.

In addition to being his own farthing finder, his lordship was his own factor and rent collector. A tenant who called upon him to pay his rent, happed to be deficient a farthing. This amount could not be excused, and the farmer had to pay the farthing. When the business was adjusted, the courtryman said to his lordship:

"Now, Barco, I would gie ye a shillin' for a sight o' a' the goud an' siller yer hae."

"Well, mon," replied Barco, "it's no cost ye ony mair;" and accordingly for, and in consideration of, the aforesaid sum, in hand first well truly paid, his lordship exhibited several iron boxes filled with gold and silver coin.

"Now," said the farmer, "I'm as rich as yourse'."

"Ay, mon," said his lordship, "how can that be."

"Because I've seen it—and you can do no mair."

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Can be cured by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I suffered greatly from this complaint for years, and never took any medicine that did me any good until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took four bottles of this preparation last spring, and my appetite, health, and strength were completely restored.—Richard M. Norton, Danbury, Conn.
My wife was long subject to severe Headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. After trying various remedies, without relief, she used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was speedily cured.—S. Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass.
As a remedy for Debility, Faintness, Loss of Appetite, and Indigestion, I took one bottle of
Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was cured.—H. Mansfield, Chelmsford, Mass.
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I have used Ayer's Medicines in my family, with satisfaction, for years, and always have a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla in the house: It is so good for the blood.—Mrs. E. Thruvegen, Perth Amboy, N. J.
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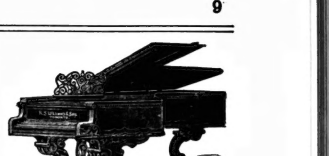

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JANUARY 1889

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Our Italian Friends.

Last Wednesday night the Society Italiana di Mutuo Soccorso Cristoforo Columbo held their first annual supper at Shaftesbury Hall. Mr. Michael Basso, the president, in the chair. The Italian colony in Toronto now amounts to about seventy families, making a total of about five or six hundred people. The society, which is just a year old, is in excellent shape and only those who are acquainted with the colony in Toronto can understand how good a work it has done in the past year. The society owes its organization to the gentleman who now acting as president, a sketch of whose face appears at the head of this article. He has been the Italian of Italians in Toronto for a good many years, his first residence in this city dating back to 1866. When there is an Italian in trouble anywhere in the province, Michael Basso is the first man sent for, and his efforts on behalf of his fellow countrymen have frequently been the source of great trouble and expense to himself, though he has earned the lasting gratitude of many a poor fellow who has come to him for aid. He is a tall and stalwart man, with a refined and intelligent face, and as a conversationalist he is full of anecdote and well versed not only in Canadian but American and European politics. His has been a very adventurous life, and one of his arms and shoulders bears the marks of teeth and claws which will prevent him from ever forgetting his experience as a lion tamer. Mr. Basso speaks excellent English and acts as Italian interpreter in the courts. The Italian government could not fill their vacant consulate here better than by appointing Mr. Basso to the position.

SIGNOR MICHAEL BASSO.

Trinity Talk.

Rev. C. H. Shutt, '87, who was ordained last Christmas, has entered on the charge of Waubaushene and adjoining station. Mr. Shutt's familiar countenance will be greatly missed around the corridors of Trinity.

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I hear that Rev. H. H. Johnston, a L.T. of '88, who is at present in charge of Islington, will take up his residence in Toronto and officiate as curate to Rev. J. McLean Ballard of St. Ann's Church.

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The "dons," as the divinity students are familiarly and irreverently called, have lately commenced the operation of a fine for every occasion on which they fail to read the lessons in the chapel services when appointed to do so. This danger to the galleries divinity men who have hitherto enjoyed a lofty immunity from flaws which they regard as irregular arts manœuvre at every contravention of the college laws, comes like a soothing balm to the spirit of the latter.

The College Quartette Club, which has been practising assiduously under the direction of Rev. F. G. Plummer, consists of Messrs. Leake, B. A., Bradbury, Stevenson and Howden. A number of pressing invitations to sing have been received from places outside of Toronto, but the club, through lack of time, has been able to accept only one engagement. I believe Milton is the favored place, where they sing on the 23th.

•

The visages of the freshmen have lately been transferred to the classic repose of a class photograph. The group is a very presentable one, and forms quite a handsome picture.

•

All the arrangements for the coming conversat have been completed. The affair will be carried on on the same lines as heretofore. The earlier part of the evening will be occupied by a concert and dancing will pleasantly fill up the latter part. The floor of the Convocation Hall makes an admirable dancing surface and as the music will be the best that can be obtained this part of the proceedings ought to be thoroughly enjoyable. The excessive crowding which has marred the enjoyment of former conversazione will be absent, as I believe the committee has strenuously endeavored to keep down the list. The list is now closed and an invitation cannot under any circumstances be obtained.

•

The Literary Institute has been flourishing exceedingly this term. The first meetings were rendered exciting by a contest for the presidency, which was carried by Mr. H. J. Leake, B A. The debates have been well prepared, and some excellent speeches have been the result. At the last meeting Mr. Thompson presided over an audience, slim for the first time. Mr. Frice read Aytoun's famous lay, Edinburgh After Flodden, and a spirited debate on the abolition of the Senate followed. Messrs. Martin and White inveighed against that estate of our Government as being thoroughly useless and without any ornamental features to redeem it. Messrs. Troop and Leech made a strong defence of the Senate and succeeded in convincing their hearers of the justice of their views. I notice that well-worn, but exciting, subject of compulsory attendance at chapels is down for the next meeting.

•

The public lectures have all been very well attended, and the series this year has been successful as regards both lecturers and audiences. At the opening lecture by Dr. Bourinot on Canada's political development there was an audience composed of our leading political and literary men and of representative people. At Professor Clark's lecture on Books and Reading, the hall was crowded and even standing room was difficult to obtain. The fair sex predominated at this lecture and turned out in larger numbers than at any of the others. The third lecture on Immanuel Kant, by Professor Clark Murray of McGill, was delayed by the non-arrival of the lecturer, but Professor Clark occupied the attention of the audience by an extemporary address on a subject with which he was intimately acquainted. The Bishop of Toronto's lecture on the Conversion of England completed the series yesterday afternoon. The ladies have been most regular in their attendance at the lectures; and I was rather surprised to see many a seemingly frivolous miss paying great attention to the remarks—although I fancy the pleasant afternoon teas given by Mrs. Strachan at Deinside had great attractions for the younger part of the audience. Many of the students have also, as a conclusion to the lectures, had five o'clock teas in their cosy college quarters.

ERYX.

Mrs. G. F. Atherton.

Mrs. Gertrude Franklin Atherton, the authoress of What Dreams May Come, whose name appears, for some unknown reason, constantly associated with that of Mr. Edgar Saltus, a man she hardly knows and hasn't seen for more than a year, is, like a good many other literary people, somewhat eccentric in dress. She has a fad of appearing at all hours of the day in *decollete* gowns generally of black satin or velvet with enormous collars of lace, her arms bare to the shoulder, and with a long train sweeping over the carpet. She writes a minute and almost illegible hand, but her last novel, Hermia Suydam, is the literary success of the season. Mrs. Atherton is a grandniece of Benjamin Franklin.

A New York paper describes her as being tall and graceful, with hair of that peculiarly blonde tint rarely seen after babyhood, which she wears twisted carelessly around her head with a soft fringe upon her forehead. She wore a white tea gown of some clinging stuff, and did not suggest in any degree a woman of letters who, the truth must be told, is usually disheveled and inky. On being asked if she had delicted her life to letters she said: "I think literature has dedicated a little of itself to me. Since my childhood I have been romantic enough to make up fairy stories and love stories. And often my mother has found me before a mirror relating stories to my own image. I sometimes feel apologetic about it, but if I become possessed of an idea for a novel, I actually suffer until I have begun to write it. Indeed I believe I do little besides sleeping, writing and walking. I sleep at least eight hours, and walk a few miles every morning, and then I am strong and clear headed, and ready to work all day. I am quiet here. I have not even a terrier, nor a kitten, nor a canary to disturb me nor engross my attention, and so I suppose I shall go on writing until I am overtaken by Scrivener's palsy, and then, no doubt, I will learn to use a typewriter. One must express one's self, you know."

Paenix Lessiv.

Paenix Lessive, an article advertised elsewhere in these columns, is one of the many triumphs of modern French chemistry—a reliable product of a large manufacturer. Although but recently introduced in Canada, it is not a new element in the laundry requisite trade in Europe. It has been used by the people of France for ten years in enormous quantities, the consumption in 1887 being about twenty million pounds, besides a large export trade with other countries. Great Britain being the chief customer. The almost universal adaptation of it as a powerful cleaning agent, at the same time bleaching the flesh or material wherever used, should recommend it to every housekeeper, as it is the only instance known where the purifier and the balm are so happily blended.

About a Banker and His Cashier.

A rich banker entered his office on the last morning of the year, and heard his warmest congratulations on the head of his cashier, who on January 1st celebrated the twenty fifth anniversary of his employment by the firm. After the banker had exhausted his stock of fair phrases, he graciously handed his employe an envelope, saying. "Here is a keepsake for you, in memory of your jubilee." The man took the envelope, muttered many words of thanks, but did not dare to open it. "Open it," the banker said encouragingly. This was done, and the photograph of the donor was found inside. The cashier remaining silent with astonishment, his employer said, "Well, what do you say to it?" "All I can say," was the man's reply, "is that it is very like you."

Mr. Charles M. Taylor, of Taylor & Co., art tailors, 120½ King street West, leaves for New York Saturday to get the "latest" in style of garments for gentlemen's wear for spring. Their new goods will be open about the first of March.

The Acute Sophomore.

He was only a Sophomore, but he had a large head.

He was undergoing the agony of a Sophomoric love, and he pined for his adored one at home. All his "cuts" had been used, and he could see no way to fly to her side.

Suddenly an idea seized him from behind, and he, overpowering it, grasped it and hung on.

The next day he knocked at the office door of the president of the faculty, and his eyes were filled with tears. In his hand he held a telegram, yellow and foreboding. This he gave to Prex, who opened it and read:

"HARTFORD, CONN.

"MR. E. J. B——, AMHERST COLLEGE, Amherst:

"Charles is not expected to live. Come home at once. "FATHER."

The good-hearted president spoke a few kindly words to the grief-stricken lad and told him to remain away as long as necessary.

The next day he sat with Alice on the sofa, and as he read in the paper of the execution of Charles Maxwell, who was hung for murder that morning, he knew that the dispatch had not lied. His sophomoric conscience was at ease, and Alice and he were happy.

•

Every day demonstrates the great popularity of Thomas' English Chop House and Ladies' Cafe. Under the management of Keachie & Co. it has become the high class supper room for theater parties, and by far the most popular dining room for ladies. Indeed it is the only restaurant noticeably patronized by the fair sex.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

RUTHERFORD—On February 6, at Brantford, Mrs. Peter Rutherford—a daughter.

MANN—On February 5, at Toronto, Mrs. E. C. Mann—a son.

ALEXANDER—On February 11, at Toronto, Mrs. John Alexander, jr—a daughter.

MCDOLE—On February 10, at Toronto, Mrs. Walter McDole—a son.

BATH—On February 12, at Toronto, Mrs. Percy A. Bath—a son.

COLQUHOUN—On February 3, at Waterloo, Mrs. F. Colquhoun—a son.

DAVIDSON—On February 2, at Toronto, Mrs. Alexander Davidson—a daughter.

WANLESS—On February 6, at Parkdale, Mrs. Thomas G. Wanless—a son.

MCAUSLAN—On February 12, at Parkdale, Mrs. R. J. McAuslan—a daughter.

ARGO—On February 10, at Norval, Mrs. James Argo—a son.

Marriages.

STEPHEN—BATWELL—At Detroit, T. R. Stephen of Spanish River, Ont., to Helen E. Batwell of Detroit.

MURRAY—HENDERSON—On January 24, at London, Eng., John Murray or the Challenger expedition, to Isabelle Henderson of Glasgow.

COWDELL—MOORHOUSE—On February 6, at Bay field, W. H. Cardwell to Pincaning, Mich., to Mabel Moorhouse.

INGE—JONES—On February 5, at Toronto, William Inge, jr., to Clara Campbell Jones.

MUNDY—MOGG—On February 5, at Toronto, E. J. Mundy of Port Perry, to Nellie Mogg.

MURRAY—GILLIES—On February 12, at Esquesing, James H. Murray to Bella Gillies.

BURKE—CHAPTER—On February 7, at Toronto, A. W. Burke to Bridget Chapter.

Deaths.

BELL—On February 10, at Lamaroux, Martha Bell, aged 77 years.

BRUNSKILL—On February 11, at Eglinton, Mrs. Wm. Brunskill, aged 38 years.

HOOVER—On February 9, at Elia, York township, Elizabeth Hoover, aged 65 years.

MANNING—On February 11, at Orillia, Mrs. T. Manning.

O'BRIEN—On February 10, at Toronto, Edward Roby O'Brien, aged 58 years.

SPOONER—On February 9, at Port Hope, William Arnold Spooner, aged 78 years.

TYLER—On February 12, at Toronto, Mrs. Charles E. E. Tyler, aged 39 years.

ATKINSON—On February 11, at Thistledown, Ont., Mrs. Robert Atkinson aged 52 years.

BRUSH—On February 6, at Mott Haven, J. E. Brush.

CORRIGAN—On February 12, at Parkdale, Thomas Corrigan, aged 83 years.

ROSS—On February 10, at Toronto, Julia A. Ross, aged 39 years.

THURSTON—On February 12, at Erie, Pa., David Thurston, late U. S. Consul at Toronto, aged 76 years.

ROBINSON—On February 9, at Toronto, George Robinson, aged 66 years.

COYLE—At Toronto Ellen Coyle, aged 29 years.

PLUMMER—On February 5, at Toronto, Annie Plummer.

PURVIS—On February 5, at Toronto, Norman Purvis, aged 7 months.

CRAIG—On February 5, at Woodstock, Ont., John Craig, aged 65 years.

GARDHOUSE—On February 5, at Etobicoke, Thomas Gardhouse, aged 28 years.

NURSE—On February 5, at Toronto, Edward Nurse, aged 34 year.

OLIVER—On February 6, at Toronto, Frederick Percy Oliver, aged 17 years.

FORDE—On February 8, at Toronto, John H. Forde, aged 55 years.

FEE—On February 7, at Port Hope, Alice Free, aged 21 years.

SHORTHAS—On January 29, killed on the Visalia railroad, California, James Franklin Shorthas, aged 30 years.

MORISON—On February 9, at Toronto, Thomas Morison, aged 69 years.

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IN CANADA

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AT ASSOCIATION HALL
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23
AT 8 P.M

SPEAKERS—George R. Parkin, Esq., M.A., of New Brunswick, the distinguished advocate of Imperial Federation who is about to visit Canada in the invitation of the Leagues there; General Laurie, M.P., of Nova Scotia, and others.

Toronto, 14th February, 1889.

A. J. CATTANACH, Hon. Sec'y and Treasurer.
F. C. LAW,
Pres dent of the Toronto Branch
of the League.

Jacobs & Shaw's Opera House

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Gold & Silver Fringes Laces, Cords, Tassels, etc.

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161 King Street West

Out of Town.

WOODSTOCK.

The event of the season has come and gone. The bachelors' ball of Thursday, February 7, surpassed anything of the kind ever held in this part of the country. Over three hundred couples were present, a number of them from Simcoe, Norwich, Burgessville, Ingersoll, London, St. Thomas, Brantford, Paris, Stratford, Straballen, Toronto and Princetown, and all joined in pronouncing it just splendid. The stewards did their part to perfection while the genial secretary, Mr. Gus Badgley, spared no pains or trouble. Among the Woodstock belles, who were much admired and sought after, may be mentioned Miss Parker, Miss Hood, Miss Higgins, Miss White, Miss Jean White, Miss Pattullo, Miss McQueen, Miss Gordon, Miss E. Totten, Miss K. Totten, Miss Nesbitt, Miss Spratt, Miss Noon, Miss Scott, Miss E. Hay, Miss T. Hay, Miss McKay, Miss McMullen, Miss McLeod, the Misses Gunn, Miss Revell, Miss Maggie Brown, Miss Brown, Miss Bushby, Miss Forbes, Miss Farrell, Miss O'Neill, Miss Harwood, Miss Thompson, Miss Fleury, Miss McCulloch, Miss Cameron, Miss Stark, the Misses Laidlaw, Miss Thrawl, Miss A. E. Egan, Miss Kate Egan, Miss Fraser, Miss Martin, Miss McGachie, Miss Holmes, Miss Murphy, Miss McDonall, Miss Howell, Miss Kendall, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Ross. The lady patronesses were Mrs. McCuaig, Mrs. Nesbitt, Mrs. Gunn, Mrs. Noon, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Charles, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Hood, Mrs. White, Mrs. Stark, Mrs. Dawson and Mrs. Francis. Among the persons from a distance may be mentioned: Miss Tisdale and Miss McMahon of Simcoe; Miss Todd, Miss Creasor of Owen Sound; Miss Jones of Otterville; Miss Brady, of Ingersoll; Miss McKenzie, Miss Robinson of Sarnia; Miss Hoken, Miss Dake, Miss Brady, Miss Lusted, Miss Clarke of Norwich; Miss Murray, Miss Adams of Embro; Miss Burgess of Burgessville; Miss Thornton of Sweeburg; Miss Johnston of Strathallen; Miss Heyd, Miss Cockshutt, Miss Elliott, Miss Howie, Miss Fry, Miss Priscilla Penfold of Brantford; Miss Meredith, Miss Taylor, Miss Harper, Miss Carling, Miss Scandrett, Miss Gash, Miss Collett, Miss Graham, Miss Perrin, Miss McCormick of London; Miss Lloyd, Miss Goetz, Miss Foote, Miss O'Grady, Miss Mowatt, Miss Wright of Stratford; Miss Heppinstall, Miss Taylor, Miss Price, Miss S. A. Rosewear, Miss Shephard of St. Thomas; the Misses Hunter, Mrs. McCowan of Stratford; Miss White of Ingersoll; Mrs. Warwick, Mrs. Maddison, Miss Furby of Toronto; Messrs. Sheldon of Philadelphia; Carroll, Shaw and Hardy of Stratford; Blynn of London; White, Wilson, Noxon of Ingersoll; DuMoulin of Hamilton; W. Langley, Ernest M. Lake, W. C. Noxon, Campbell, R. E. Lazier of Toronto. The stewards were Messrs. R. N. Ball, A. P. Brown, W. M. Davis, H. A. Davidson, H. J. Duncan, H. R. Lyon, F. W. Macqueen, A. Pattullo, A. Ramsey, J. Sutherland, F. L. Thompson and T. H. Webb. Where so many fine dresses were worn it would be a hard matter to make special mention of any, but were such mention to be made I might say that Miss Parker, Miss White and Miss Totten were conceded to be the leaders. Miss Farrell's diamonds were greatly admired, and Miss Tisdale's flowers were the envy of all.

A few evenings prior to the ball a large dance was given by Miss Pattullo, daughter of G. R. Pattullo, Registrar of Oxford, at their charming residence, Dundas street. About 150 were present, including guests from Toronto, London, Hamilton and other places. Dancing to the excellent music of the London harpers took place in the newly-finished ball-room—an airy, spacious apartment with a polished oak floor, which although new was in capital condition. Miss Pattullo, who was attired in a most becoming costume of Nile green silk with natural flowers, made a charming hostess. Supper was served in the dining room, numerous small tables being scattered here and there. One of the most pleasing features of the dance was the fact that numerous cosy nooks and corners were to be found throughout the house where those not caring to dance might sit the dances out and carry on delightful *tete-a-tetes* with agreeable partners. Among those present from other places were Miss Furby, Miss Ruby Pattullo, Mrs. Warwick and Mrs. Maddison of Toronto, Mrs. McCowan of Stratford, Mr. Blynn of London, Mr. Carroll, Mr. McFadden, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Hardy of Stratford, Mr. Sheldon of Philadelphia, Mr. W. Langley, Mr. Ernest M. Lake, Mr. R. E. Lazier of Toronto.

BRANTFORD.

The much talked of Bachelors' Ball came off last Friday evening, and was in every way the success it deserved to be. The bachelors of Brantford are to be congratulated on their delightful ball and their efficiency as hosts. The room was tastefully decorated with flags and bunting, and brilliantly lighted with gas and electric lights in pink shades, which cast a most becoming rosy glow on the brilliant scene that was again reflected in the large mirrors that lined the wall. The supper was delicious, and the music by the 13th Battalion orchestra, delightful. About three hundred people were present. Among them were guests from Toronto, Hamilton, Galt, Simcoe, Paris, and several other places. The programme consisted of twenty-four dances and three extras. Dancing was begun at nine o'clock. At half-past three the music for the last extra extra ceased, and the weary but happy dancers left the ballroom. Among so many pretty faces it is always difficult to say who was the belle, but on this occasion the palm of beauty was generally conceded to Mrs. J. K. Osborne, who wore a magnificent dress of white silk, with moire antique train and trimmed with ostrich feathers, a necklace of black enamel and pearls, and a lovely ostrich feather fan. Miss Lizzie Christie also looked unusually beautiful in a dress of grey velvet and silk. Miss Bertha Goodson in white silk and gauze, and Miss Goodall of Galt in blue satin, were both much admired. It is impossible to mention all the toilets, which were extremely beautiful. I shall only be able to describe a few. Mrs. A. S. Hardy wore an electric blue brocade, cut on train, over a skirt of white satin richly trimmed with embroidery, and fringe of irridescent beads, a diamond necklace and ornaments; Mrs. Butler of Galt, black velvet over white satin skirt; Mrs. G. Hately, white brocade with pearl trimming; Mrs. George H. Wilkes, crimson brocade and cream lace with gold and diamond ornaments; Miss Helen Goold, white brocade trimmed with white flowers; Miss Salter, red gauze over silk of the same shade; Miss Morton, black lace with yellow sash; Miss Fiskin of Toronto, green tulle; Mrs. Van Norman of Galt, black velvet and pink silk; Miss Cutler of Galt, black velvet and jet; Miss M. Cutler, cream silk and lace with cardinal flowers. Miss Allen of Bowmanville, pink silk; Miss Minty of Dunnville, cream cashmere and lace; Mrs. L. E. Blackadder, white silk and gauze; Miss Dombell of Hamilton, white silk and gauze.

On Saturday evening Mrs. A. J. C. Galletly gave a very pleasant snowshoeing party. The guests assembled at eight o'clock, and after a brisk tramp of a couple of miles returned to Mrs. Galletly's for supper. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Wilkes, Miss Fiskin, Mrs. A. L. Hardy, Mrs. Baldwin of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. George Hately, Capt. and Mrs. Walter Wilkes, Miss Helen Goold, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Blackadder, Miss Salter, Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wilkes, Miss Bennett, Miss Philip, Miss Allen, Messrs. Pike, Morton, Minty, Finnicane, Blammfield, Capt. Christie.

Dr. and Mrs. Digby and Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Osborne returned last Tuesday from Europe.

Mrs. A. S. Hardy gave an afternoon tea last Thursday for her sister, Mrs. Baldwin.

AYLMER.

The bachelors' ball here last Thursday evening was a decided success. Large numbers of strangers were present, and all went away thoroughly delighted with their entertainment. The harpers from London supplied sweet music, fair ladies and gallant men delighted the eye, and all was lovely. The floor left nothing to be desired in that line, although the pernicious practice of waxing the soles of one's slippers should receive a timely check before too disastrous results follow. Where all the costumes were superb it would be invidious to discriminate, although the gowns of Mrs. Fulton of St. Thomas, Miss Clutton, Miss Skynner, Miss Siddons of London, Miss Westby, Miss Bearss, Mrs. and Miss Walker call for special notice. Among the 130 present were noticed the following: Mesdames Crawford, Kingston, Clutton, Killmaster, Marshall, Brown, Morrison, Brasher, McIntosh, Misses Douglas, Thoms, Backhouse, McLeod, Davis, Summers, Arkell, Gordon, Hutchinson, Becker, Day, Gregory, Crawford, Messrs. Miller, David, Wrong, Westby, Smith, Logan, Andrews, Crawford, Clark. A splendid supper interrupted dancing at twelve, after which the music again commenced and continued till four.

A very enjoyable musicale was given last Monday evening at the residence of Miss Glover, one of our leading vocalists. A pleasing programme was presented to the thirty or forty present, and all hope that this, our first musical evening, will be the precursor of many similar ones.

Our poor toboggan slide languishes this year. Curling has taken the young men's hearts, and the ladies will not go without the young men.

The drive whist demon is getting in his hand again with us, and it seems as if there were nothing new under the sun. Please invent some new game, dear SATURDAY NIGHT, we doubt not your capabilities.

We hear that the rumored engagement of one of our leading aldermen and a fair stranger will soon be publicly announced.

NATHANIEL NIX.

INGERSOLL.

Mrs. Stephen Noxon entertained a large party of friends on Wednesday last.

The Woodstock Minstrels played to a crowded house for the benefit of the Dufferin Lacrosse Club on Monday evening last. The olio was rather flat, but their specialties were very good and fully equal to some professional troupes we have seen. After the concert the minstrels were entertained to a supper by the members of the Dufferins, and a very enjoyable time was spent. Mr. Jas. Vance, president of the club, occupied the chair. Toasts, speeches and songs were indulged in until after midnight.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. L. Wilson and Mr. Chas. W. Riley were among those who attended the Montreal carnival from Ingersoll.

Mr. Alex. Choate attended the ball given by the Brantford bachelors on February 8.

Mr. Wrong of the Traders' Bank attended the bachelors' ball at Aylmer, February 7.

The bachelors of Ingersoll are thinking seriously of giving their second ball this season shortly before Lent begins.

UNO.

WALKERTON.

Last Friday evening an assembly was held in Rowland Hall, which was largely attended by the beauty and chivalry of our town—devotees of the terpsichorean art. The hall was gaily decorated. Not less than fifty couples chased the glowing hours with flying feet. Excellent music was furnished by the Thirty-second Battalion Band. Amongst those present I noticed Mrs. Stovel, Mr. and Mrs. Pringle, Mr. A. B. Klein and Mrs. Klein, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Shaw, Mrs. McNamara, Mr. and Mrs. Miles, Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, Dr. Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. Rittenger, Mr. Gray, Dr. Porter, Miss Grace Stovel, Mr. O Hagan, Miss Usher, Mr. Harris, Mr. Collins, Mr. Kerr, Mr. Rawl. From a distance were Miss Carey of Southampton, Mr. Hambly of Chesley, Mrs. Logan of Toronto, Miss Cargill and Miss Walker of Cargill.

He Went.

A detachment of the men of the Ordnance Survey were at work in a certain district. One man had got into a field, and on seeing the intruder climb the wall, the farmer went up to him and the following dialogue ensued:

Farmer—Hey, lad! Out o' this!

Surveyor—Oh, no; I have a right to go anywhere; and if you will not believe me I will show you my Government paper.

"Ye'll a'ta go," persisted the farmer.

"No, I sha'n't," was the reply.

The farmer went round to his sheds, which opened upon the field, and let out a vicious bovine of the masculine gender. The bull went for the official, and he did his level best to beat the record in a race to the wall, whilst the farmer, mounting a gate, yelled out to him as he fled, "Show it thi Government paper, ye silly fooil."

Changed the Tune.

Husband (impatiently)—Is it possible, my dear, that you cannot keep those children quiet for a moment?

Wife (soothingly)—Now, John, don't be harsh with the poor little innocent things; it is natural for them to be full of spirit, and they're doing the best they can.

Husband—Well, if I could have a moment's peace, I would sit down and write that check you've been bothering me for.

Wife (sternly)—Children, go upstairs at once! and if I hear another word from you to-night I'll punish you severely.

An Unlucky Mistake.

A divinity student in needy circumstances had his dinners once or twice a week, free of cost, at the house of a respectable artisan. On one exceptional occasion he was invited to supper, as it was intended to celebrate the birthday of his host with a rice pudding and a bottle of wine. When they were all seated at the table, the housewife snuffed out the candle by mistake, and went into the kitchen to light it again.

It was pitch dark in the room, and the poor student, with the bottle before him containing a beverage which so rarely passed his lips, could not resist the tempting opportunity; he seized, carefully uncorked it, took a good pull, and quietly set it down again. Directly afterwards the housewife came in with the candle; every face wore a look of astonishment, and the poor student turned pale; he had placed the bottle in the dish containing the rice pudding!

Too Late.

Surgeon—You'll have to be bled, my man.

Patient (faintly)—It's done. Landlord was here half an hour ago.

On a Southern Railroad.

She (much excited)—Oh! Just look at those two horrid snakes wriggling along beside the train.

He (contemptuously)—That's not snakes! It's the other track.

Poetic License.

Dickens used to tell with great gusto how, when he was editing, he struck a few lines from a poem which he accepted and published, whereupon the author wrote him a long and angry letter which wound up thus: "And now, O slaughterer, vivisector, mangler, destroyer, disfigurer, deformer, crippler, mutilator, good-bye! Put this in your pipe and smoke it!"

This life is like a bale of silk on a loom, that winds itself up as fast as it is woven. You do not know what the figure is until it has been taken off and unrolled; then you begin to see what it is. This life weaves; the other life reveals.

CASH DISCOUNT OF TEN PER CENT.

ONLY A SHORT TIME LONGER

YOU (OUR FRIENDS)---are helping us out. We see the daylight as the stock daily lessens, and once arrived at the point we are heading for---the discount stops. You tell us that this is not gratitude. Yes, it is, good friends---the world's gratitude.

MEANWHILE, DRESS GOODS AT A PRICE, Cash Price, Half-Price, Any Price, Every Price and the Ten Per Cent. Off for Cash

FINE BLACK SILKS AT $1—and ten per cent. off—when they sold at $1.35 they were bargains.
RICH CREAM AND WHITE SATINS FOR EVENING WEAR—Some marked as low as 20c., a yard, others a little higher—all subject to the discount.
LENGTHS OF COLORED MERVEILLEUX AND OTHER SATINS—Were $1 and $1 25—now 50c. yard, less the discount.
CHECKED AND STRIPED TWEEDS AT 12½c. A YARD—Reduced from 40c., 25c., 20c.
HANDSOME TWEED SUITINGS AT 18c., less discount; 25c. was the price a month ago.
FANCY STRIPED FLANNELS—15c. and ten per cent. off—were 30c.
TABLE CLOTHS, TABLE NAPKINS, SIDEBOARDS COVERS, etc., equally low.

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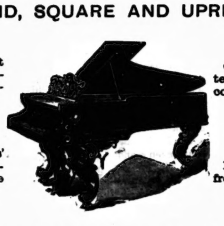

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